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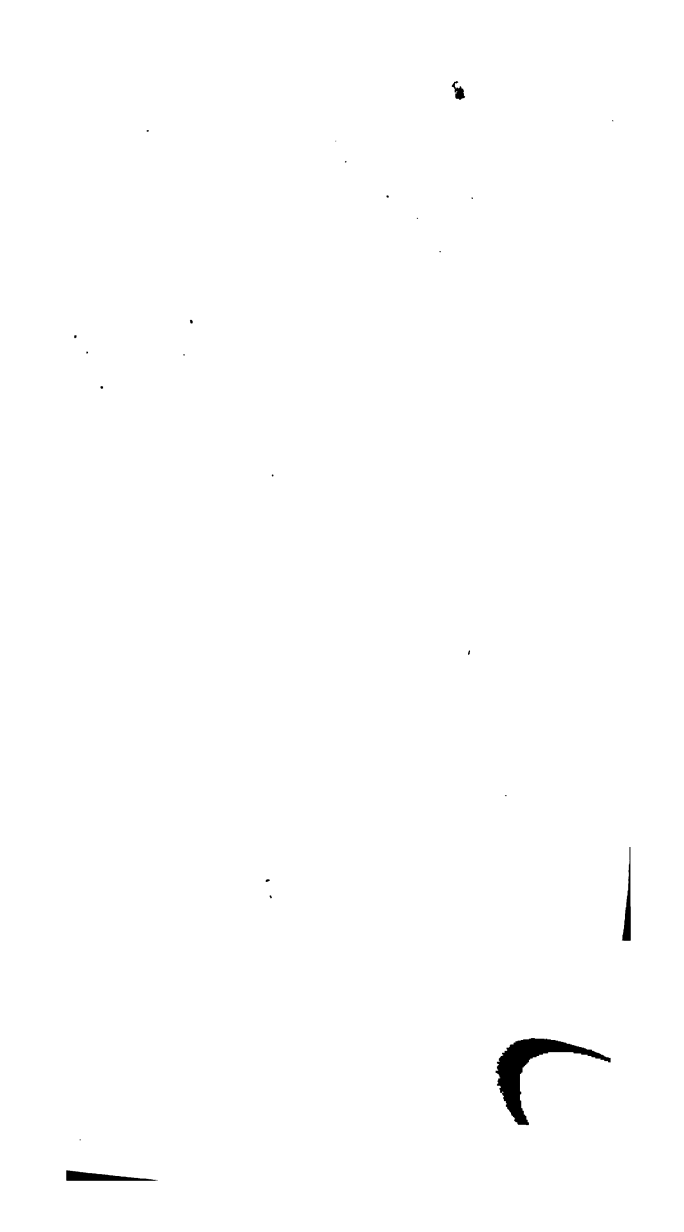
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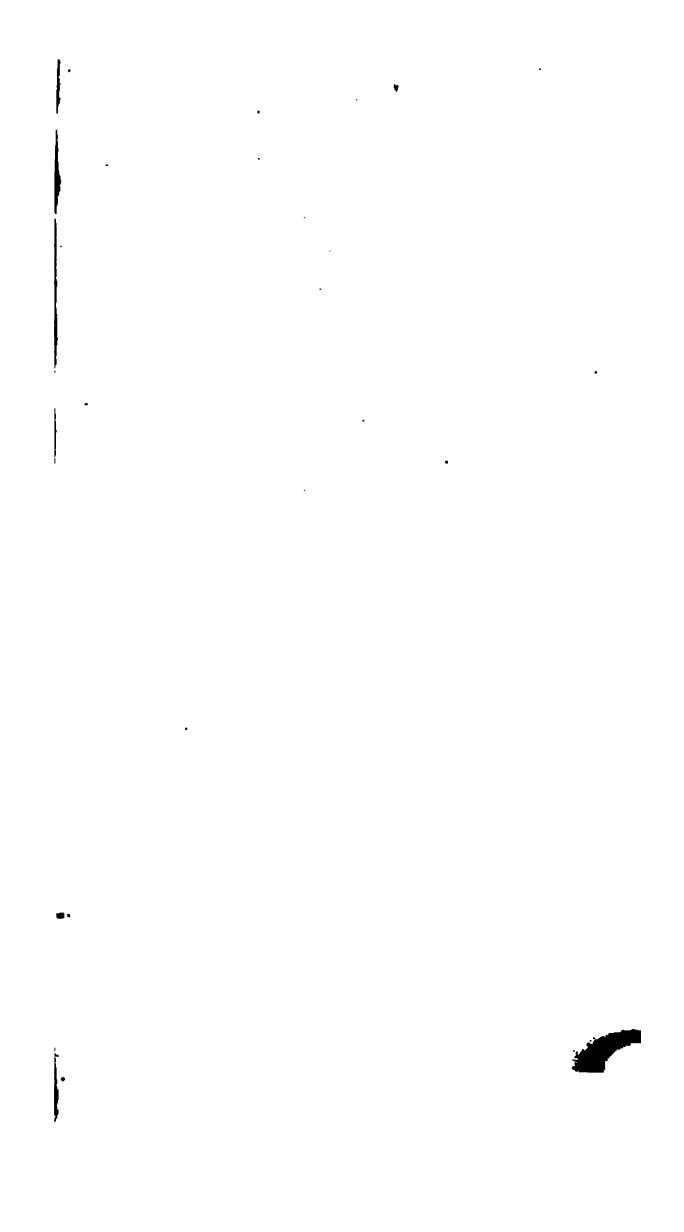
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THE
SOUVENIR MINSTREL;

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

THE MOST ADMIRABLE SONGS, DUETS, GLEES,
CHORUSES, &c. &c.

WITH

SEVERAL ORIGINALS, AND MANY FAVORITES OF THE
PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

tr. belius
BY C^o SOULE CARTEE.
oc



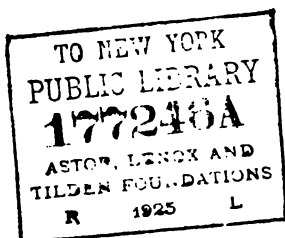
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A PREFACE,

the way, is rarely read : and yet to appear without one would be on too much of the *air assumptive*. I had rather see my little book rely upon its own merits, as indeed it must. I was induced to see its compilation at the earnest solicitation of the Publishers, and I wish it success.

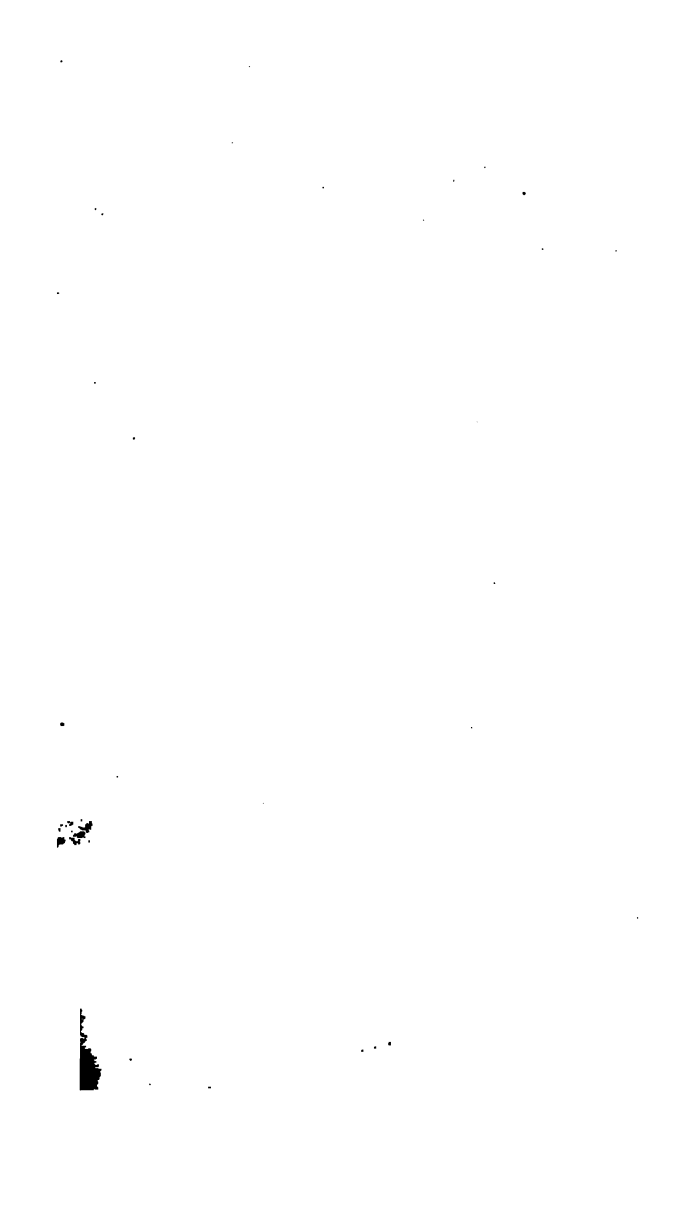
I say for this what I *cannot* say for any other collection of songs now whether foreign or domestic, and that is, it contains nothing *in-rofane*, or *bacchanalian* ; and furthermore, besides several original *the air* or *tune* to which the song is adapted is noted in almost *stance* throughout the work :—circumstances which must *consider-*ance its value.

I have examined between twenty-five and thirty volumes of the most American, English, Scotch, and Irish collections, with a great *of* songs, arranged for the piano-forte ; and have here brought to-*us* the result of my labors, the choicest flowers of poesy—the gay, , and the pure ; endeavoring by variety, to suit the appetite of *x*, so far as that appetite may be tempered with modesty and high *ntiment*.

‘ Go, little book, from this my solitude,
I cast thee on the waters ; go thy ways ;
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
The world will find thee after many days.’

THE EDITOR.

lence, September, 1833.





SOUVENIR MINSTREL.

MUSIC.

WRITTEN FOR THE SOUVENIR BY J. N. O.

SET TO MUSIC BY E. R. HANSEN.

MUSIC! with thy various power,
Come and charm each care away;
Cottage, hall, and leafy bower,
Own thy sweet resistless sway.

List the strain, while softest numbers,
Swell upon the breeze of night;
Wak'ning beauty from her slumbers,
Filling earth with new delight!

Now the eye with pleasure beameth,
While the cheering notes arise;
Or, haply now, the tear-drop streameth,
As the plaintive murmur dies.

See, the embattled squadrons wheeling,
Conflict's deadly thunders roll;
There stern war-notes loudly pealing,
Nerve the arm—inspire the soul!

Music ! with thy various power, -
 Charm the cares of life away ;
 Cottage, hall, and leafy bower,
 Own the magic of thy sway.

GREEN HILLS OF TYROL.

WRITTEN BY GEO. LINLEY.—MUSIC BY G. ROSSINI.

GREEN hills of Tyrol ! again I see,
 The home of childhood so dear to me ;
 Again I press your verdant shade,
 Where oft my footsteps have wildly stray'd.
 Once more I am near him,
 My own one ! my fond one !
 Again I shall hear him
 Love's accents repeat :
 While, to his sighs,
 My heart replies ;
 And every glance is soft and sweet,
 Green hills of Tyrol ! &c.

From yonder woodlands, sounding clear,
 His merry bugle note I hear :
 With eye of hawk, and falchion keen,
 He comes, he comes, my Tyrolien !
 Once more I behold him,
 My dear one ! my fond one !
 To my bosom I'll fold him,
 My own Tyrolien !
 Haste ! haste my love ! why linger now ?
 The sun is shedding his parting glow ;
 The Chamois seeks his peaceful glade,
 And homeward wanders the mountain maid.

Oh ! come then, and cheer me,
 My own one ! my fond one !
 Again thou shalt hear me sing love's tender strain,
 While every note, my lips repeat,
 As soft and sweet, thou 'lt breathe again ;
 Then haste my love ! why linger now ?
 The sun is shedding, &c.
 Hark, hark, I hear his well-known cry,
 While answering echo makes reply.
 Now, now, he waves his scarf of green,
He comes ! he comes, my Tyrolien !
Once more I behold him, &c.

THE LIGHT BARK.

WRITTEN BY MISS MAHONY.—MUSIC BY CRAVEN.

Off! said the stranger ; off, off! and away!
And away flew the light bark o'er the silvery bay.
We must reach ere to-morrow the far distant wave,
The billows we 'll laugh at, the tempests we 'll brave.

The young roving lovers—their vows have been given,
Unsmiled o'er by mortals, but hallowed in heaven;
She was Italy's daughter, I knew by her eye,
It wore the bright beam that illumines her sky.

Off, said the stranger, &c.

And she has forsaken her palace and halls,
For the chill breeze, and the light which falls
O'er the pure wave, from the heavens above,
And their guiding star was the bright star of love.

Off, said the stranger, &c.

THE STAR OF LOVE.

Along the mountains of the west,
The woods in misty twilight wave;
The eagle broods upon her nest,
The hermit sits within his cave.

The May-moth in the wild-flower sleeps,
And sylvan urchins silent lie;
The fallow-deer its covert keeps,
And drowsy shepherds homeward hie.

No murmur from the thicket breaks,
The night-enamored bird is mute;
While Love (a sweeter bird) awakes,
And warbles from my lady's lute.

Appear! star after star appears—
The brightest star that eye can see,
When joy hath filled that eye with tears,
Was never half so bright as thee.

THE SENTINEL.

Air—'Our bugles sang truce.'

WHEN I thought that the morn might a sad tale of sorrow
 Unfold to the maid, to my fond heart so dear;
 And the moon which shone bright, on the eve of the morrow,
 Be dim to the eye which then view'd it so clear;—
 My spirits sunk low, and a feeling of dread
 Fell cold on my heart, while I looked on the dead—
 And thought that, like them, when my spirit was fled,
 I might ere long be gazed on, by foreigners, led,
 By glory or gold, to a country so dear.

Not a drum, nor a trumpet, nor shot broke the still
 Of the night, or their aid to my soul would impart;
 But despair left me reckless of Fate's giddy will,
 For conscience had wound herself deep in my heart;
 And my spirits sunk low, for the deeds I had done .
 To that hour, from the hour when my life's march begun,
 Passed dark o'er my soul, as a cloud o'er the sun;
 And so tinged with red blood was the race I had run,
 That it curdled to ice the full stream of my heart.

Other scenes met my view, and I thought of the day
 When my bosom beat high, as my sword waved in air;
 And dastardly fear to new courage gave way,
 While zeal took the place of the demon despair.
 Though my spirits arose, still I looked with regret
 On the brave, whose last pulse had but yesterday beat;
 And I swore, ere the sun, which then rose, should be set,
 In the gore of their foes my true steel should be wet,
 Or my spirit, like theirs, be exulting in air.

BATTLE SONG.

WRITTEN BY J. N. O.

Air—'Bruce's Address.'

HARK ! the deep'ning voice of war,
 Hoarsely echos from afar,
 Forward ! and your weapons draw,
 Sons of Liberty !

Let your banners wave in air
 Let your light'nings fiercely glare !
 Freely ev'ry danger share
 For your Liberty !

Freedom! glorious, fair and bright!
 'T is for her you dare the fight;
 Guard her with a giant might!
 Sons of Liberty!

Never let the word be said,
 That in time of battle dread,
 Columbia's sons from danger fled,
 No! it shall not be!

Where the death-storm thickest rains!
 Where the earth shows reddest stains!
 There the Eagle still remains!
 Never turns to flee!

See the foes now yield the ground!
 Their bravest lie in death around;—
 Let the trumpet's joyful sound,
 Shout for victory!

WHEN THY BOSOM HEAVES THE SIGH.

A Duet.—ARRANGED BY A. BRAHAM.

WHEN thy bosom heaves the sigh,
 When the tear o'erflows thine eye,
 May sweet hope afford relief,
 Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief.

So the tender flower appears,
 Drooping wet with morning tears,
 Till the sunbeams' genial ray
 Chase the heavy dew away.

EYES! LIVING CRYSTALS.

A Duet.

EYES! living crystals, strain'd with thought,
 O! look—till dazzled sight decay!
 Lips! moving rubies, music-fraught,
 O! breathe my soul in sighs away.

My dream of hope! my crown of pleasure!
 Thou only one in life to me;
Could rified worlds amass their treasure,
No ore nor gem should purchase thee.

AWAY! AWAY!

A Trio.

AWAY! away!
 We've crowned the day,
 The hounds are waiting for their prey;
 The huntsman's call,
 Invites ye all,
 Come in boys while ye may.

The jolly horn,
 The rosy morn,
 With harmony of deep-mouth'd hounds;
 These—these my boys,
 Are sportsmen's joys,
 Our pleasure knows no bounds.

IT IS NOT FOR THINE EYE.

It is not for thine eye of blue,
 Nor for thy dark and glossy hair,
 Nor for thy cheek of rosy hue,
 Nor for thy lovely bosom fair,
 That I do love thee; for to me,
 There are far brighter charms in thee!

But it is for thy gentle mind,
 Thy placid and expansive brow,
 Imagination, mild and kind,
 Which burns with clear, and fervid glow,
 That I do love thee; and I see,
 A thousand matchless charms in thee!

THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

A Duet.—IN "THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE."—COMPOSED BY KING.

Juliana. Let him who sighs in sadness here,
 Rejoice, and know a friend is near.
Heartwell. What heavenly sounds are those I hear;
 What being comes the gloom to cheer?

- 1st.** When in the storm on Albion's coast,
The night-watch guards his wary post,
From thoughts of danger free,
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears amid the howling storm,
The minute gun at sea,
- 2nd.** The minute gun at sea.
- Both.** And hears amid the howling storm
The minute gun at sea.
- 2nd.** Swift on the shore a hardy few
The life-boat man with a gallant crew,
And dare the dang'rous wave;
Through the wild surf they cleave their way,
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay—
For they go the crew to save,
- 1st.** For they go the crew to save.
- Both.** Lost in the foam, nor know dismay—
For they go the crew to save.
- 1st.** But O what rapture fills each breast
- 2nd.** Of the Hopeless crew of the ship distress'd!
- Both.** Then landed safe, what joys to tell
Of all the dangers that befell!—
Then is heard no more,
- 1st.** By the watch on the shore,
- 2nd.** Then is heard no more, by the watch on the shore,
- Both.** The minute gun at sea.

OH NO! WE NEVER MENTION HER.

FROM BAYLY'S MELODIES.—ARRANGED BY H. R. BISHOP.

OH, no! we never mention her;
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.
From sport to sport they hurry me,
To banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me,
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene,
The charms that others see;
But were I in a foreign land,
They'd find no change in me.

'T is true that I behold no more
 The valley where we met;
 I do not see the hawthorn tree—
 But how can I forget?

They tell me she is happy now—
 The gayest of the gay;
 They hint that she forgets me;
 But I heed not what they say;
 Like me perhaps she struggles with
 Each feeling of regret;
 But if she loves as I have loved,
 The never can forget.

OH! AM I THEN REMEMBERED.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE, COMPOSED BY J. BARNET.

Oh, am I then remembered still?
 Remembered too, by thee!
 Or am I quite forgot by one
 Whom I no more shall see?
 Yet say not so, for that would add
 Fresh anguish to my lot.
 I dare not hope to be recalled—
 Yet would not be forgot.

Had they who parted us but known
 How hearts like ours can feel,
 They would have spared us both a pang
 Beyond their power to heal.
 I know not if thy heart retains
 Its wonted warmth or not:
 Though I 'm forbid to think of thee—
 Thou 'lt never be forgot.

Mayst thou enjoy that peace of mind
 Which I can never know;
 If that 's denied, my prayer shall be,
 That I may share thy wo.
 Where'er thou art, my every wish
 Will linger o'er that spot;
 My every thought will be of thee,
 Though I may be forgot.

If we should meet in after years,
 Thou 'lt find that I am changed:
My eyes grown dim, my cheek grown pale,
But not my faith estranged.

From memory's page the hand of death
 Alone thy name shall blot ;
 Forget, forsake me, if thou wilt—
 Thou 'lt never be forgot.

THE SWITZER'S SONG OF HOME.

BY THE TYROLESE FAMILY, RAINER.—ARRANGED BY J. MOSCHELLES.

WHY, Oh ! why my heart this sadness ?
 Why, 'mid scenes like these decline ?
 Where all, tho' strange, is joy and gladness,
 Say, what wish can yet be thine ?
 Oh ! say what wish can yet be thine ?

All that 's dear to me is wanting,
 Lone and cheerless here I roam ;
 The stranger's joys howe'er enchanting,
 To me can never be like Home,
 To me can never be like Home.

Give me those ' I ask no other,
 Those that bless the humble dome
 Where dwell my Father and my Mother,
 Give, Oh ! give me back my Home,—
 My own, my own dear native Home.

THE BROKEN VOW.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

'FARE thee well ! and if forever,
 Still forever fare thee well !'
 Though our plighted hands must sever,
 In my heart thy love shall dwell.

Yet take back each dear love-token,
 You so freely, fondly gave ;
 Since the vow they pledged is broken,
 Why should I its ruins save !

Fare thee well ! smile on as gaily
 As in moments passed with me !
 Still my prayers to Heaven shall daily,
 Blessings crave to rest on thee.

Life with me hath lost its sweetness,
 With the visions fancy gave;
 And a few wing'd years of fleetness,
 May reveal my early grave!

THE GALLANT TROUBADOUR.

WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.—ARRANGED TO A FRENCH AIR.

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,
 A troubadour, that hated sorrow,
 Beneath his lady's window came,
 And thus he sung his last good morrow:—
 'My arm it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my true love's bower;
 Gaily for love and fame to fight,
 Befits the gallant Troubadour!'

And while he marched, with helm on head,
 And harp in hand, the descant rung,
 As, faithful to his fav'rite maid,
 The minstrel burden still he sung:
 'My arm it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my lady's bower;
 Resolved for love and fame to fight,
 I come, a gallant Troubadour!'

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
 With dauntless heart he hewed his way,
 'Mid splintering lance and falchion sweep,
 And still was heard the warrior lay:—
 'My life it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my lady's bower;
 For love to die, for fame to fight,
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour!'

Alas! upon the bloody field
 He fell beneath the foeman's glaive;
 But still reclining on his shield,
 Expiring sung the exulting stave:—
 'My life it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my lady's bower;
 For love and fame to fall in fight,
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour!'

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

WRITTEN BY REV. CHAS. WOLFE.—MUSIC BY THOS. WILLIAMS.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell-shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest—
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

GOOD-BY.

MUSIC BY BLEWITT.

I CAN bid you good morning, good day, or good night,
 At expense of perhaps one faint sigh,
 Since I know a few hours will renew my delight;—
 But, oh ! when I bid you good-by—

My tongue becomes dull, and my heart becomes chill
 And warm tears shut out light from each eye ;
 My soul feels forebodings of deadliest ill,
 When I try, love, to bid you good-by.

Then send me not from you, love, do let me stay,
 For I can 't speak the word if I try ;
 Morn and eve I will wish you good night and good day,
 But I can 't nor I won 't say good-by !

DEAR NATIVE HOME.

WRITTEN BY BALL.—ADAPTED TO A FRENCH MELODY.

FAR o'er the wave, as morn's soft beam, returning,
 Slowly unveiled the well-remembered shore,
 How swelled my heart, with eager fancies burning,
 Dreams of past joys, and hopes of priceless store !
 Sweet home, receive me !
 Faithful I come,
 Never to leave thee,
 Dear native home !

Vainly for me Love's signal radiance bright'ning,
 Flamed from his altars o'er my truant way,—
 Absent from thee—the summer's beauteous lightning
 Less harmful played not round the fading day.
 Sweet home, &c.

Cease, ye who sing the wand'rer's heartless pleasures !
 Leave, leave my path !—no more, no more I roam ;
 Here lives a charm, worth all uncounted treasures,—
 Here breathes the sight of welcome,—welcome home !
 Sweet home &c.

‘Bring forth,’ cries the Monarch, ‘the vessels of gold,
Which my father tore down from the temples of old;—
Bring forth, and we ’ll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
To the Gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone:
Bring forth!’—and before him the vessels all shine,
And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark wine;
 Whilst the trumpets bray,
 And the cymbals ring,—
‘Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!’

Now what cometh—look, look!—without menace, or call?
Who writes, with the Lightning’s bright hand, on the wall?
What pierceth the King, like the point of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?
‘Chaldeans! Magicians! the letters expound!’
They are read,—and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!
 Hark!—The Persian is come
 On a conqueror’s wing;
And a Mede’s on the throne of Belshazzar the king!

THE EVENING STAR.

WRITTEN BY B. CORNWALL.—MUSIC BY THE CHEV. NEUKOMM

THE Evening Star, the lover’s star,
The beautiful star comes hither!
 He steereth his bark
 Through the azure dark,
And brings us the bright blue weather,—Love!
The beautiful bright blue weather.

The birds lie dumb, when the night stars come,
And Silence broods o’er the covers;
 But a voice now wakes
 In the thorny brakes,
And singeth a song for lovers,—Love!
A sad sweet song for lovers!

It singeth a song, of grief and wrong,
A passionate song for others;
 Yet its own sweet pain
 Can never be vain,
If it ’wakeneth love in others,—Love!
It ’wakeneth love in others.

I LOVE THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

I LOVE the village church,
 With its ivy mantled tower;
 And rustic forms around the porch,
 At the Sabbath's holy hour.
 The music of the bell,
 O'er the pleasant valley stealing,
 And the simple prayer that breathes so well
 The pure heart's fervent feeling.

I love the village green,
 Where, after hours of labor,
 At eve the young and old are seen,
 With merry pipe and tabor.
 The banquet is not spread,
 As it is in courtly palaces;
 But nature, o'er the spot, has shed
 Her own peculiar graces.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
 Than if day in its pride had arrayed it,
 The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arched sky
 Looked pure as the spirit that made it:
 The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
 In the shadowy waves' playful motion,
 From the dim distant hill, 'till the light-house fire blazed
 Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast
 Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers,
 The sea-bird had flown to her wave girdled nest,
 The fisherman sunk to his slumbers:
 One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,
 All hushed was the billows' commotion,
 And thought that the light-house looked lovely as hope,
 That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
 Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
 Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
 That blazed on the breast of the billow:

life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion;
then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

WORDS BY MRS. HEMANS.—MUSIC BY HER SISTER.

COME to the sunset tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
The reaper's work is done.
The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given
In the cool refreshing bowers.
Come to the sunset tree, &c.

Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wind's low sigh ;
The gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.
When the burden of the heat
Of labor's task is o'er,
And kindly voices greet,
The tired one at his door.
Come to the sunset tree, &c.

Yes, tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs ;
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows.
Then, though the wind an altered tone
Through the young foliage bear,
Though every flower of something gone,
A tinge may wear ;
Come to the sunset tree, &c.

THE VESPER HYMN.

RUSSIAN AIR.

HARK, the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters, soft and clear—
Nearer yet, and nearer pealing,
Now it bursts upon the ear :

Jubilate,—————Amen.
 Farther now, now farther stealing,
 Soft it fades upon the ear.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
 To the shore, it dies along ;
 Now like angry surges meeting,
 Breaks the mingled tide of song.
 Hark ! again like waves retreating
 To the shore, it dies along.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

OFT in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me ;
 The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken,
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken !
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

When I remember all
 The friends so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in winter weather,
 I feel like one, who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead
 And all but me departed.
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

A POPULAR FAVORITE.

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;
 A charm from the skies, seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewh
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 There's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,
 And feel that my parent now thinks of her child;
 She looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
 Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
 O give me my lowly, thatched cottage again;
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
 Give me them with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

THE MISLETOE.

WRITTEN BY B. CORNWALL.—MUSIC BY THE CHEV. NEUKOMM.

WHEN winter nights grow long,
 And winds without blow cold,
 We sit in a ring round the warm wood-fire,
 And listen to stories old!
 And we try to look grave, (as maids should be,)
 When the men bring in boughs of the Laurel-tree.
O, the Laurel, the evergreen tree!
The Poets have laurels,—and why not we?

How pleasant, when night falls down,
 And hides the wintry sun,
 To see them come in to the blazing fire,
 And know that their work is done;
 Whilst many bring in, with a laugh or rhyme,
 Green branches of Holly for Christmas time!
O the Holly, the bright green Holly!
It tells (like a tongue) that the times are jolly!

Sometimes—(in our grave house,
 Observe, this happeneth not;)
 But, at times, the evergreen laurel boughs
 And the holly are all forgot!
 And then! what then? why, the men laugh low,
 And hang up a branch of—the Mistletoe!
Oh, brave is the Laurel! and brave is the Holly!
But the Mistletoe banisheth melancholy!
Ah, nobody knows, nor ever shall know
What is done—under the Mistletoe!

THE KISS.

WORDS BY BYRON.—MUSIC BY NATHAN.

THE kiss, dear maid, thy lips have left,
 Shall never part from mine,
 Till happier hours restore the gift
 Untainted back to thine.
 The parting glance that fondly gleams,
 An equal love may see,
 The tear that from the eyelid streams
 Can weep no change in me.
 The kiss, &c.

I ask no pledge to make me blest,
 In gazing when alone;
 Nor one memorial for a breast,
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.
 By day or night, in weal or wo,
 That heart no longer free,
 Must bear the love it cannot show,
 And silent ache for thee.
 The kiss, &c.

SANDY O'ER THE LEA.

Air—"Comin' thro' the rye."

I WINNA marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lea;
 I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lea:
 I winna hae the dominee, for guid he canna be,
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lea,
 For he's ay a-kissing, kissing, ay a-kissing me;
 He's ay a-kissing, kissing, ay a-kissing me.

I winna hae the minister, for all his godly looks,
 Nor yet will I the lawyer hae, for a' his wily crooks;
 I winna hae the ploughman lad, nor yet will I the miller,
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, without a penny siller.
 For he's ay a-kissing, &c.

I winna hae the soldier lad, for he gangs to the war;
 I winna hae the sailor lad, because he smells o' tar;
 I winna hae the lord nor laird, for a' their meikle gear,
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the muir.
 For he's ay a-kissing, &c.

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY J. A. WADE.

MEET me by moonlight alone,
 And then I will tell you a tale
 Must be told by the moonlight alone,
 In the grove at the end of the vale;
 You must promise to come, for I said
 I would show the night flowers their queen.
 Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,
 'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.
 Oh! meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay,
 The thoughtless, the heartless, the free;
 But there's something about the moon's ray,
 That is sweeter to you and to me.
 Oh! remember be sure to be there,
 For though dearly a moonlight I prize,
 I care not for all in the air,
 If I want the sweet light of your eyes.
 So meet me by moonlight alone.

I HAVE LOVED THEE.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

I HAVE loved thee, dearly loved thee,
 Through an age of worldly wo,
 How ungrateful I have proved thee,
 Let my mournful exile show.
 Ten long years of anxious sorrow,
 Hour by hour I counted o'er,
 Looking forward till to-morrow,
 Every day I loved thee more.

Power nor splendor could not charm me
 I no joy in wealth could see,
 Nor could threats or fears alarm me,
 Save the fear of losing thee:
 When the storms of fortune pressed thee,
 I have wept to see thee weep,
 When relentless cares distressed thee,
 I have lulled those cares to sleep.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

Air—'Gramachree.'

THE harp that once thro' Tara's halls,
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er;
 And hearts that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
 The harp of Tara swells;
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus freedom now so seldom wakes;
 The only throb she gives,
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

Air—'Oft in the stilly night.'

MARCH to the battle field,
 The foe is now before us;
 Each heart is freedom's shield,
 And heav'n is smiling o'er us.
 The woes and pains,
 The galling chains,
 That keep our spirits under,
 In proud disdain,
 We've brok'n again,
 And tore each link asunder.

March to the, &c.

Who, for his country brave,
 Would fly from her invader?
 Who, his base life to save,
 Would, traitor-like, degrade her?
 Our hallowed cause,
 Our home and laws,
 'Gainst tyrant power sustaining,
 We'll gain a crown
 Of bright renown,
 Or die—our rights maintaining!
 March to the, &c.

BONNY BOAT.

WRITTEN BY JOANNA BAILIE.—ARRANGED BY J. F. HAUCHE.

OH swiftly glides the bonny boat,
Just parted from the shore,
And to the fishers' chorus note,
Soft moves the dipping oar;
Their toils are borne with happy cheer,
And ever may they speed,
That feeble age, and helpmate dear,
And tender bairnies feed.

We cast our lines in Largo bay,
Our nets are floating wide,
Our bonny boat with yielding sway
Rocks lightly on the tide;
And happy prove its daily lot
Upon the summer sea,
And blest on land our kindly cot,
Where all our treasures be.
We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.

The mermaid on her rock may sing,
The witch may weave her charm,
But water sprite nor eldrich thing
The bonny boat can harm;
It safely bears its scaly store
Through many a stormy gale,
While joyful shouts rise from the shore,
Its homeward prow to hail.
We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.

MALTESE BOATMAN'S SONG.

MUSIC BY L. DEVEREAUX.

SEE, brothers, see, how the night comes on,
Slowly sinks the setting sun,
Hark! how the solemn vesper's sound
Sweetly falls upon the ear;
Then haste let us work till the daylight's o'er,
Then fold our nets as we row to the shore,
Our toil and danger being o'er—
How sweet the boatman's welcome home!
Home, home, home, the boatman's welcome home.
Sweet, O sweet, the boatman's welcome home!
Then haste, let us work, &c.

See how the tints of daylight die ;
 How sweet to hear the tender sigh !
 O when the toil of labor 's o'er,
 Row, swiftly row to the shore !
 Then haste, let us work till the daylight 's o'er,
 Then fold our nets as we row to the shore.
 For fame or gold where'er we roam,
 No sound so sweet as welcome home,
 Home, home, home, the boatman's welcome home !
 Sweet, O sweet, the boatman's welcome home !
 Then haste, let us work, &c.

OH, MERRY ROW.

ADAPTED AND ARRANGED BY JOHN PARRY.

OH ! merry row ! Oh ! merry row,
 The bonnie, bonnie bark !
 Bring back my love to calm my wo,
 Before the night grows dark.
 My Donald wears a bonnet blue,
 A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue,
 A snow white rose upon it too ;
 A highland lad is he.
 Then merry row, Oh ! merry row,
 The bonnie, bonnie bark ;
 Oh ! merry row the bonnie, bonnie bark,
 And bring him safe to me !

As on the pebbly beach I stray'd,
 Where rocks and shoals prevail,
 I thus o'erheard a lowland maid,
 Her absent love bewail.
 A storm arose—the waves ran high,
 The waves ran high, the waves ran high,
 And dark and murky was the sky ;
 The wind did loudly roar.
 But they merry row'd the bonnie bark,
 The bonnie bark, the bonnie bark,
 They merry row'd the bonnie, bonnie bark,
 And brought her love on shore.

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

WRITTEN BY T. MOORE.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We 'll sing, at Saint Ann's, our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sails unfurl?
 There's not a breath the blue wave to curl;
 But, when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon;
 Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,
 Oh, grant us cool heavens, and favoring airs!
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

• NEVA BOATMEN'S SONG.

COMPOSED BY C. E. HORN.

DAYLIGHT fades,
 Ev'ning shades
 O'er the silent waters creep;
 Winds arise,
 And with sighs,
 Wake the stream from slumbers deep:
 Swift o'er the Neva tides,
 Mark, how our vessel glides,
 O'er the curled waves she rides,
 Scattering pearl-drops from her sides.
 Brothers, row,
 Whilst the glow
 Of twilight sheds a parting beam,
 'Till our lay
 Fades away,
 And dies upon the Neva stream.
 Eve has pass'd
 And shades at last,
 Round the darkening waters close,

SOUVENIR MINSTREL.

Yet one star
Shines afar,
Gilding ev'ry wave that flows.
Soon shall the hand of night,
Hang up her crescent light;
Mild, yet with splendor bright,
Chasing ev'ry gloom from sight.
Brothers, row, &c.

VENETIAN BOAT-SONG.

THE daybeam is over the sea,
Oh haste every bark, to the shore;
No joy in the morning can be,
With moonlight our pleasure is o'er:
Perhaps it is sweet on the hills
To watch how the daylight appears,
To see it all bright in the rills,
And shining through night's dewy tears.

But oh! in the wild hour of night,
When loud winds are hushed to a breeze,
With music and moon-beams so bright,
'Tis heaven to glide o'er the seas.
How sweet 'tis to watch the bright glow,
And taste the wild freshness of heaven;
How sweet 'tis to gaze on below
The likeness the blue wave has given.

To breathe the soft night air, perfum'd
With the sighs of the groves on the shore,
To see how the moon has illum'd
The droppings that fall from the oar
Such pleasures the morn never gave,
Then haste, every Gondolet, on,
Oh, who would remain on the wave
When moonlight and music are gone.

SEE OUR OARS WITH FEATHER'D SPRAY.

CELEBRATED BOAT GLEE.—COMPOSED BY SIR J. A. STEVENSON.

SEE our oars with feather'd spray,
Sparkle in the beam of day,
In our little bark we glide,
Swiftly o'er the silent tide;

SOUVENIR MINSTREL.

From yonder lone and rocky shore,
The warrior hermit to restore;
And sweet the morning breezes blow,
While thus in measured time we row.

MY BEAUTIFUL JEAN.

WORDS BY J. J. WILLSON.—IRISH MELODY.

Slow broke the morn o'er the eastern hills glintin',
White o'er the linns fell the foam o' the burn,
The lav'rock and mavis their carols were chantin',
When lanely I wander'd my sorrow to mourn.

Sweet bloom'd the heather amang the green buckan,
Dew-deck'd the gowan and daisy were seen;
But a flow'ret I miss'd there, the queen too I reckon,
Of a' bonnie blossoms, my beautiful Jean.

For Jeanie had fallen as droops the fair lily,
Or mild-blushing rose 'neath the deluging rain;
For Jeanie had fallen, the sweet maid of Killie,
In trusting to many and doubting of ane.

Sing on, thou blithe lav'rock, thy song to the mornin',
The tears of remembrance shall flow frae my e'en,
Bloom on, ye wild flowers, the breckan adornin',
Ye 'll mind me in sorrow of beautiful Jean.

AMELIA BIRD.

WORDS BY BEULER.

Air.—'Oh no! we never mention her.'

OH! yes, I love to mention her,
I do, upon my word!
I'm only happy when I speak
Of Miss Amelia Bird.
It, in the fields near Primrose-hill,
One summer's day occur'd,
I saw and lov'd, and first did speak
To Miss Amelia Bird.

I ask'd her if she in the fields
Saw charms that others see;
To which she archly did reply,
'She saw no charms in me.'

And thus the introduction o'er,
 All shyness was absurd,
 And soon I learnt the residence
 Of Miss Amelia Bird.

Said she, 'I live at Hampstead now,
 Beyond the Load of Hay;
 My father keeps a good milch cow,
 And deals in curds and whey.'
 Said she, 'I do prefer the whey—'
 Said I, 'I love the curd;
 But what than that much more I love,
 Is you, Amelia Bird.'

She soon confess'd a mutual flame
 And me a keepsake give;
 And I gave her a handkerchief
 Which cost me shillings five:
 A virtuous woman's worth a *crown*,
 As often I have heard;
 But worth, I think, a *sovereign*
 Is Miss Amelia Bird.

Although I'm far from Hampstead now,
 And may be farther yet,
 And do not see her nor the cow,
 Yet how can I forget?
 But, perhaps, like me, she may be here,
 And see me unobserv'd—
 What ecstasy 't would be to me
 To see Amelia Bird!

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

WRITTEN BY CHARLES JEFFERY.—MUSIC BY S. NELSON.

THE morn was fair, the skies were clear,
 No breath came o'er the sea,
 When Mary left her highland cot
 And wander'd forth with me:
 Though flowers deck'd the mountain's side
 And fragrance fill'd the vale,
 By far the sweetest flower there
 Was the Rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wander'd, east or west,
 Though fate began to lour,
 A *solace* still was she to me
 In *sorrow's* lonely hour.

When tempests lash'd our gallant bark
And rent her shiv'ring sail,
One maiden form withstood the storm—
'T was the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd,
On Afric's burning sand,
She whisper'd hopes of happiness
And tales of distant land:
My life had been a wilderness,
Unblest by fortune's gale,
Had not fate link'd my lot to hers—
The Rose of Allandale.

THE MISSELTOE BOUGH.

COMPOSED BY H. R. BISHOP.

misseltoe hung in the castle hall,
holly branch shone on the old oak-wall;
the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
keeping their Christmas holiday:
baron beheld with a father's pride,
beautiful child, young Lovel's bride;
she with her bright eyes, seemed to be
star of the goodly company.

Oh! the misseltoe bough!

weary of dancing now,' she cried;
a tarry moment—I'll hide—I'll hide!
Lovel, be sure thou art first to trace
clue to my secret lurking place.'—
she ran—and her friends began
tower to search, and each nook to scan;
young Lovel cried, 'oh! where dost thou hide?
onesome without thee, my own dear bride.'

Oh! the misseltoe bough!

sought her that night! and they sought her next day!
they sought her in vain when a week pass'd away!
the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot
young Lovel sought wildly—but found her not.
years flew by, and their grief at last—
told as a sorrowful tale long past;
when Lovel appear'd the children cried,
'the old man weeps for his fairy bride.'

Oh! the misseltoe bough!

At length an oak chest that had long lain hid,
 Was found in the castle—They rais'd the lid—
 A skeleton form lay mouldering there,
 In the bridal wreath of the lady fair!
 Oh! sad was her fate! in sportive jest
 She hid from her lord in the old oak chest—
 It clos'd with a spring!—and her bridal bloom
 Lay withering there in a living tomb.
 Oh! the misseltoe bough!

THE GAZELLE.

WORDS BY MOORE.—ARRANGED BY H. R. BISHOP

Dost thou not hear the silver bell,
 Thro' yonder lime-trees ringing,
 'T is my lady's light gazelle,
 To me her love thoughts bringing;
 All the while that silver bell
 Around his dark neck ringing.

See, in his mouth he bears a wreath,
 My love hath kiss'd in tying,
 Oh! what tender thoughts beneath
 Those silent flowers are lying!
 Hid within the mystic wreath
 My love hath kiss'd in tying.

Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
 And joy to her the fairest,
 Who thus sends her soul to me
 In every leaf thou bearest.
 Welcome dear gazelle to thee,
 And joy to her the fairest.

Hail! ye living, speaking flowers,
 That breathe of her who bound ye,
 Oh! 't was not in fields or bowers,
 'T was on her lips she found ye.
 Yes! ye blushing speaking flowers,
 'T was on her lips she found ye.

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

COMPOSED BY T. H. BAYLEY.

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
 Where roses, and lilies, and violets meet:
 Roving forever from flower to flower,
 And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
 I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
 I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet;
 I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
 Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet,
 I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
 Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

Oh, could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
 I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings;
 Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
 They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
 Those who have wealth, must be watchful and wary,
 Power, alas! nought but misery brings;
 I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
 Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings,
 I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
 Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What, though you tell me each gay little rover
 Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day;
 Surely 't is better, when summer is over,
 To die, when all fair things are fading away;
 Some in life's winter may toil to discover,
 Means of procuring a weary delay.
 I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
 Dying when fair things are fading away,
 I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
 Dying when fair things are fading away.

HURRAH! FOR THE EMERALD ISLE.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

THERE 's a health to the friends that are far,
 There 's a health to our friends that are near,
 Here 's to those who rank first in the war,
 Oh the brave hearts that never knew fear!
 Here 's to him who for freedom first draws,

And here 's to the heart free from guile,
 The patriot, friend to his home and his laws,
 Who stands by his own native isle.
 Then Hurrah for the Emerald Isle !

And here 's to the bosom's bright glow,
 When the banner of liberty waves ;
 And here 's may she conquer her foe,
 Ere the sons of her glory be slaves !
 Then here 's to the friends all around,
 The emblem of Erin's rich soil,
 And oh ! may they ever, when wanted, be found
 To stand by their own native isle.
 Then Hurrah for the Emerald Isle !

REST, WARRIOR, REST.

COMPOSED BY M. KELLY.

HE comes from the wars, from the red field of fight !
 He comes through the storm, and the darkness of night !
 For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,
 The warrior bends low at the cottager's door ;
 Pale, pale is his cheek, there 's a gash on his brow,
 His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow ;
 And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye,
 Like a languishing lamp, that just flashes to die.
 Rest, warrior rest.

Sunk in silence and sleep in the cottager's bed,
 Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head ;
 Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell,
 Of his lady-love's bower and her latest farewell ;
 Love's illusion shall banish the battle's alarms,
 He shall dream that his mistress lies locked in his arms ;
 He shall feel on his lips the sweet warmth of her kiss—
 Ah ! warrior, awake not ! such slumber is bliss !
 Rest, warrior, rest.

SOLDIER'S TEAR.

WRITTEN BY T. H. BAYLEY.—MUSIC BY ALEX. LEE.

On the hill he turn'd, to take a last fond look
At the valley, and the village church, and the cottage by the brook;
He listen'd to the sounds so familiar to his ear,
The soldier lean'd upon his sword, and wiped away a tear.

At that cottage porch, a girl was on her knees,
With aloft a snowy scarf, which flutter'd in the breeze:
He utter'd a prayer for him, a prayer he could 'nt hear;
He paused to bless her as she knelt, and wiped away a tear?

He turn'd and left the spot, Oh! do not deem him weak,
Featureless was the soldier's heart, though tears were on his cheek?
In the foremost ranks, in danger's dark career,
The hand most daring there, has wiped away a tear?

THE MULETEER.

MUSIC BY S. NELSON.

Soon as the sun his early ray
Across the misty mountain flings;
The Muleteer now takes his way,
And merrily thus he sweetly sings:
Oh haste, my mules, we must not creep,
Nor saunter on so slow;
Our journey's long, the mountain steep,
We've many a league to go.

At fall of eve, his labor o'er,
He homeward hastes, and sings with glee;
My mules, speed to my cottage door,
For there my Lilla waits for me.
Speed on, my mules, the sun sets fast,
The shades of night I see;
There's many a league yet to be pass'd,
And Lilla waits for me.

THE MULETEER'S RETURN.

MUSIC BY S. NELSON

'T is night—where strays my muleteer?
 Ah! why does he from Lilla roam?
 For well he knows my heart is drear,
 When he is from his mountain home;
 But, soft! what music greets mine ear?
 What strain comes o'er the dell?
 Oh! joy to me, the night-winds bear
 The sound of distant bell.

Oh! speed ye, mules, the queen of night
 Hath kiss'd the sparkling mountain rills,
 And spread her fairest robes of light,
 To guide ye o'er the dreary hills.
 They come! they come! their tramp I hear,
 Their weary forms I see,
 And soon they 'll bear my muleteer
 In joy again to me.

VALE CRUCIS.

WRITTEN BY MR. ROSCOE.

VALE of the cross, the shepherds tell
 'T is sweet within thy woods to dwell,
 For there are sainted shadows seen,
 That frequent haunt the dewy green.
 In wandering winds the dirge is sung,
 The convent bell by spirits rung,
 And matin hymns and vesper prayer
 Break softly on the tranquil air.

Vale of the cross, the shepherds tell
 'T is sweet within thy woods to dwell,
 For peace has there her spotless throne,
 And pleasures to the world unknown;
 The murmurs of the distant rills,
 The Sabbath silence of the hills,
 And all the quiet God hath given
 Without the golden gates of heaven.

SLEEP, GENTLE LADY.

A SERENADE.

SLEEP, gentle lady, flowers are closing,
The very winds and waves reposing ;
O, let our soft and soothing numbers
Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers !
Peace be around thee, lady bright,
Sleep, while we sing—good night, good night !

THE MERRY MOUNTAIN PIPE.

THE merry mountain pipe
Sounds sweetly on the hill ;
In memory oft I hear
Its lingering echoes still.
Dear are the days long past,
With those that now are gone ;
They were too bright to last,
And like sweet dreams have flown.
The merry mountain pipe, &c.

But hope's enlivening ray,
Beaming through anxious years,
Will chase my cares away,
And change to smiles my tears.
The merry mountain pipe, &c.

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

MUSIC FROM MOZART.

AWAY with melancholy,
Nor doleful changes ring,
On life and human folly,
But merrily, merrily sing—
Fal la.

Come on, ye rosy hours,
Gay smiling moments bring ;
We'll strew the way with flowers,
And merrily, merrily sing—
Fal la.

Then what's the use of sighing,
 While time is on the wing;
 Can we prevent his flying?
 Then merrily, merrily sing—
 Fal la.

If griefs, like April showers,
 A moment's sadness bring,
 Joys soon succeed like flowers,
 Then cheerily, cheerily sing—
 Fal la.

The rose its bloom refuses,
 If pluck'd not in the spring;
 Life soon its fragrance loses,
 Then cheerily, cheerily sing—
 Fal la.

Fly, fly all dull emotion,
 All care away we fling;
 Pure joy is our devotion,
 Then cheerily, cheerily sing—
 Fal la.

AWAY, MY BOUNDING STEED.

A FAVORITE DUET SUNG IN 'THE NYMPH OF THE GROTTO.'

AWAY ' my bounding steed, away,
 I ride for princely halls;
 Ay, paw the ground and proudly neigh,
 The tourney trumpet calls.

Nay, spurt and speed, thou gallant knight,
 Or lose the meed of fame;
 Vouch in the lists thy lady's right,
 And conquer in her name.

The challenge breath'd, I cast my glove;
 All rivals thus I dare;
 In arms I'll prove my lady-love
 The fairest of the fair.

Now poise the temper'd lance on high—
 It shivers on my shield—
 Then forth two flashing rapiers fly,
 And skill decides the field.

The joust is done, the prize is won,
And merry is the victor's eye;
Pass wine-cups round, while clarions sound
The joys of love and chivalry.

LOVE, MY MARY.

A Duet.—ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

1 Voice—Love, my Mary, dwells with thee,
On thy cheek his bed I see;

1 Voice—No, that cheek is pale with care,
Love can find no roses there;
No, no, no, no, no, no,
No roses there, no, no.

Duet—'T is not on the cheek of rose,
Love can find the best repose;
In my heart his home thou 'lt see,
There he lives, and lives for thee.

1 Voice—Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,
While he makes that eye his home,

1 Voice—No, the eye with sorrow dim,
Ne'er can be a home for him;
Ne'er can be, no, no, no,
A home for him, no, no.

Duet—Yet 't is not in beaming eyes,
Love forever warmest lies;
In my heart his home thou 'lt see;
There he lives, and lives for thee.

THE MINSTREL BOY TO THE WAR HAS GONE.

Air—'Soldier's Grave.'

THE minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you 'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
'Land of song!' said the warrior bard,
'Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee.'

The minstrel fell ! but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under ;
 The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder ;
 And said, ' No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery !
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery.'

THE MINSTREL'S RETURN FROM THE WAR.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY J. H. H.

THE minstrel's return'd from the war,
 With spirits as buoyant as air,
 And thus on his tuneful guitar,
 He sung in the bower of his fair :
 ' The noise of the battle is over,
 The bugle no more calls to arms ;
 A soldier no more—but a lover,
 I bend to the power of thy charms.
 Sweet lady, fair lady I'm thine,
 I bend to the magic of beauty,
 Tho' the banner and helmet are mine,
 Yet love calls the soldier to duty.'

The minstrel his suit warmly press'd,
 She blush'd, sigh'd, and hung down her head,
 Till conquer'd she fell on his breast,
 And thus to the happy youth said :
 ' The bugle shall part us love, never,
 My bosom thy pillow shall be,
 Till death tears thee from me, forever,
 Still faithful, I'll perish with thee.'
 Sweet lady, &c.

But fame call'd the youth to the field ;
 His banner wav'd high o'er his head,
 He gave his guitar for a shield,
 And soon he lay low with the dead,
 While she, o'er her young hero bending,
 Received his expiring adieu :
 ' I die whilst my country defending,
 But I die to my lady love true.'
 ' Oh, death ! (then she cried) I am thine,
 I tear off the roses of beauty ;
 The grave of my hero is mine,
 For he died true to love and to duty !'

OH! REST THEE BABE.

Oh! slumber, my darling,
 Thy sire is a knight,
 Thy mother's a lady,
 So lovely and bright,
 The hills and the dales,
 From the towers which we see,
 They all shall belong,
 My dear infant, to thee.
 Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day;
 Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep whilst thou may.

Oh! rest thee, my darling,
 The time it shall come,
 When thy sleep shall be broken
 By trumpet and drum.
 Then rest thee, my darling,
 Oh! sleep whilst thou may;
 For war comes with manhood,
 As light comes with day.
 Oh! rest thee, babe, &c.

SHE'S NUMBERED WITH THE DEAD.

WRITTEN BY S. BURKE.

Air—'Alice Gray.'

How sweet at evening's dewy hour,
 To wander through the grove,
 To breathe the odor of each flower
 Along with those we love.
 Alas! those happy days are gone,
 Those blissful moments fled,
 For Emma, who was once my own,
 Is number'd with the dead.

Her slender form so neat arrayed,
 Her eyes of heavenly blue;
 Her modest mien such charms displayed,
 Her heart to love beat true.
 Oh, who such beauty could despise?
 While virtue in her bred,
She was indeed a lovely prize,
Till number'd with the dead.

Oh, Emma, oft in silent night
 We've wandered side by side,
 Accom'p'ied by the moon's pale light,
 We wish'd no other guide.
 Those nights of bliss are now no more,
 By sorrow I am led,
 In vain her absence I deplore—
 She's number'd with the dead.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent!
 But now your head's turn'd bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snow,
 Yet, blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When nature first began
 To try her cannie hand, John,
 Her master-work was man;
 And you amang them a' John,
 Sae trig frae tap to toe,
 She proved to be nae journey-wark,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 Ye were my first conceit,
 And ye need na think it strange, John,
 Though I ca' ye trim and neat;
 Though some folks say ye're auld, John,
 I never think ye so,
 But I think ye're aye the same to me,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We've seen our bairns' bairns,
 And yet, my dear John Anderson,
 I'm happy in your arms;
 And sae are ye in mine, John—
 I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,

Though the days are gane that ye have seen
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
What pleasure does it gie,
To see sae many sprouts, John,
Spring up 'tween you and me;
And ilka lad and lass, John,
In our footsteps to go,
Make perfect heaven here on earth,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John,
Will bring us to our last;
But let na' that affright us, John,
Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we've lived,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

NOW AT MOONLIGHT'S FAIRY HOUR.

A Duet.—COMPOSED BY THOS. THOMSON.

Now at moonlight's fairy hour,
When faintly gleams each dewy steep,
And vale and mountain, lake and bower,
In solitary grandeur sleep.

When slowly sinks the ev'ning breeze
That lulls the mind in pensive ease,
And fancy loftier visions sees,
Bid Music wake the silent air.

Bid the merry tabor sound,
And with the fays of lawn or glade
In tripling circlets beat the ground,
Under the high trees' trembling shade

Now at moonlight's fairy hour,
 Shall music breathe her dulcet voice,
 And o'er the waves with magic power,
 Call on echo to rejoice.

CEASE, SWEET GIRL.

A Canzonet.—COMPOSED BY D. D. ROCHE.

CEASE sweet girl to doubt me now,
 For still my heart is true,
 Or, I must yet repeat a vow,
 Of loving only you ;
 Has absence chang'd thy love for me,
 To some more favor'd youth ?
 Ah, no ! for once I never have,
 Nor e'er will doubt thy truth,
 But let not others' flatt'ry, love,
 Thy heart estrange from me ;
 You 'll never find one more sincere,
 Mong'st all that sigh for thee.

Oft I've wander'd, weary too,
 Thro' India's distant glades,
 And o'er Columbia's plains have stray'd
 With many lovely maids,
 But e'en the fairest of them all,
 Could not my heart alarm,
 It beats for thee, and only thee,
 Its fondest, truest charm :
 Then let not others' flatt'ry, &c

THE SOLDIER'S LAST SIGH.

WRITTEN BY E. L. BELLCHAMBERS.—MUSIC BY G. A. HODGE.

THE Trumpet may summon thy soldier away,
 And spur his proud spirit to arms,
 Yet warm with the vigor that bids him away,
 He grieves to abandon thy charms ;
 Tho' glory invite him, and splendor abound,
 Yet mark dearest maid his decree,
Subdued by defeat, or by victory crown'd,
The soldier's last sigh is for thee.

But hark ! 't is the trumpet now speaks his adieu,
And calls him from love to renown,
Then oh ! dearest maiden, believe his heart true,
Tho' fortune may smile or may frown ;
Tho' glory invite him, &c.

LOVELY ROSE.

A SONG,

ADAPTED TO THE VENETIAN AIR OF "O PESCATOR DELL' ONDA."

Of late so brightly glowing,
Lovely Rose,
We here beheld thee growing,
Lovely Rose,
Thou seem'dst some angel's care ;
Summer's breath was warm around thee,
Summer's beam with beauty crowned thee,
So sweetly fair.

The blast, too rudely blowing,
Lovely Rose,
Thy tender pride o'erthrowing,
Lovely Rose,
Alas ! hath laid thee low ;
Now amid thy parent bower,
Envious weeds of evil power,
Unkindly grow.

No fresh'ning dew of morning,
Lovely Rose,
Thy infant buds adorning,
Lovely Rose,
To thee shall day restore ;
Zephyr soft that late carest thee,
Evening's smile that parting blest thee,
Return no more.

Thy fragrance, yet undying,
Lovely Rose,
Breathes like remembrance sighing,
Lovely Rose,
O'er love's dissolving spell,
When the heart, too dearly plighted,
Every hope forever blighted,
Bids love farewell.

LOW WAVED THE SUMMER WOODS.

COMPOSED BY ROBERT BENNET.

Low wav'd the summer woods and green,
As Bertram rode their boughs between,
The breeze that sigh'd amid their blooms
Play'd in the warrior's waving plumes.

Lady, adieu ! 't is summer now,
And brightly summer roses blow ;
But oh ! they 'll often bloom and fade
Before I sheathe again my blade.

They oft shall fade, shall often bloom,
Before I turn my courser home ;
When again I breathe a lover's vow,
They 'll blossom in the drifted snow.

Lady, adieu ! forever more,
The spell 's unbound that bound before ;
Thy scorn has rous'd a Soldier's pride,
And glory now shall be his bride.

THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN CREST.

WORDS BY VAN DYK.—MUSIC BY JOHN BARNET.

THE banners wav'd on the castle walls,
Mid the shouts of a trusty band,
When a knight return'd to his princely halls,
From the wars of the holy land.
His lady had left her harp, and stood
To gaze on the smiling west,
When came a dark steed from the distant wood,
With her knight of the golden crest.

The crimson scarf her true knight display'd
Which in earlier day she wove,
When he breath'd his vows in the twilight glade,
And was blest with her maiden love.
She welcom'd her lord with accents bland
And the scarf to her lips she press'd,
And thought of the time when she gave her hand
To the knight of the golden crest.

MEET THE HOUR WHEN FREED FROM LABOR.

A PASTORAL SONG AND CHORUS.

WORDS BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.—MUSIC BY T. W. H. B.

SWEET the hour when freed from labor,
Lads and lasses thus convene ;
To the merry pipe and tabor,
Dancing gaily on the green.

Chorus, Sweet the hour, &c,

Nymphs with all their native graces,
Swains with every charm to win ;
Sprightly steps and smiling faces,
Tell of happy hearts within.

Chorus, Sweet the hour, &c.

Blest with plenty, here the Farmer,
Toils for those he loves alone ;
While some pretty smiling charmer,
Like the land is all his own.

Chorus, Sweet the hour, &c.

Tho' a tear for prospects blighted,
May at times unbidden flow,
Yet the heart will bound delighted,
Where such kindred bosoms glow.

Chorus, Sweet the hour, &c.

'T IS A VERY MERRY THING.

A Glee.—WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY J. A. WADE, ESQ.

'T is a very merry thing,
In the days of Spring,
By the woodland side to rove ;
And hear the little vows,
That are sung upon the boughs,
By the young birds making love.
Oh ! 't is merry, merry, merry.

On the daisied bank to lie,
While the stream is babbling by,
At your feet, at your feet ;
And to hear the wood dove's call,
Echoed by the waterfall,

'T is most sweet, 't is most sweet.

'T is a very merry thing, &c.

SLEEP GENTLE LADY.

A Trio.—COMPOSED BY H. R. BISHOP.

SLEEP gentle lady, the flowers are closing,
 The very winds and waves reposing,
 O may our soft and soothing numbers,
 Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers.
 Peace be around thee, lady bright,
 Sleep while we sing, good night, good night.
 O! may our soft and soothing numbers,
 Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers.

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

A Duet.—WORDS BY MOORE.—MUSIC BY H. R. BISHOP.

BRIGHT be thy dreams, may all thy weeping
 Turn into smiles, while thou art sleeping.
 Those, by death or seas remov'd,
 Friend, who in thy spring time knew thee,
 All thou 'st ever priz'd or lov'd,
 In dreams come smiling to thee.

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
 Dearest of all, come, while thou sleepest—
 Still the same no charm forgot,
 Nothing lost that life had given,
 Or if chang'd, but chang'd to what?
 Thou 'lt find her yet in heaven!

CROWS IN A CORN-FIELD.

A Glee.—WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY T. PHILLIPS.

SEE yonder corn-field,
 Where waves the rip'ning grain,
 The feather'd race alluring,
 Who flock the prize to gain.

Now careless hopping, flying,
 A *young* crow light and gay
So careless, light and gay he hops,
So careless, light and gay.

hile cautious peeping, prying,
Two *old* crows, sage and gray,
man and gun espying,
With timely warning say,
‘Do n’t go there!’

Why not?

‘You ’ll be shot!’

I do n’t care!

Oh! oh! oh!

‘We told you so!’

caw! caw! caw! says the scout, look out!
See, he’s loading his gun again,
e smell powder my lad, we’re not to be had,
T is all but labor in vain.
!! all in vain you try ‘old birds to catch with chaff,’
e’re out of your shot, you stupid old sot,
And at you and your gun we laugh, ha! ha!
Caw! caw! caw!

THE ALPINE MAID.

MUSIC BY ALEX. LEE.

THAT strain proclaims my lover near,
He heeds not the thunder’s crash,
The avalanche’s dread descent,
Nor lightning’s vivid flash.
The mountain pass no terror strikes,
From crag to crag he bounds,
While echoing ev’ry note he plays
From hill to dale resounds.

And then when he my cottage gains,
What soft transporting bliss,
Delights each heart while we exchange
Love’s pure impassioned kiss.
We envy not the vaunted joys
Which greet the gay—the great,—
Content and mutual love will gild
Our humbler, happier state.

DAME DURDEN.

A Glee.—MUSIC BY HANNA.

DAME Durden had five serving maids,
 To carry the milking pail ;
 She also had five laboring men,
 To manage the spade and flail :
 There was Moll and Bet,
 And Doll and Kate,
 And Dorothy with a pail ;
 And Joe and Jack,
 And Tom and Dick,
 And Humphrey with his flail ;—
 Now Joe kiss'd Molly,
 And Jack kiss'd Betty,
 And Tom kiss'd Dolly,
 And Dick kiss'd Kitty,
 And Humphrey with his flail,
 And Kitty she was a charming girl,
 To carry the milking pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon
 She did begin to call,
 To rouse her serving-men and maids
 Most loudly she did bawl.
 Come Moll and Bet, &c.

'T was on the morn of Valentine
 The birds began to mate,
 Dame Durden and her men and maids
 They all began to prate.
 'T was Moll and Bet, &c.

MI PIZZICA, MI STIMOLA.

A RECITATIVE AND AIR, AS SUNG BY MRS. AUSTIN.—MUSIC FROM
 AUBER'S MASANIELLO.

Recitativo. How brightly nature bloom'd,
 Beneath the vernal sky,
 Ere he, who won my heart,
 Had doom'd that heart to sigh.
 But glory fir'd him ;
 Deathless fame inspir'd him ;
 Love was forgotten.

Aria.

High o'er the field in martial ~~pride~~,
 His starry banner waves,
 Where heroes stem the battle ~~tide~~,
 Or sink in hallowed graves;
 There, mid the rude and madd'ning ~~clash~~
 Of havoc's vengeful steel,
 His falchion gleams the lightning flash
 That leads the thunder peal.

His deeds shall live in story,
 He strikes in freedom's name,
 For country, home and glory,
 Inspir'd by love and fame.

Rude was the shock, the squadrons close,
 Freemen win the field.
 On victors, on, pursue your foes,
 But spare them when they yield.
 Reliev'd from sterner duty,
 The Hero now may claim,
 The sweetest smile of beauty,
 With freedom, love and fame.

NOTHING LIKE SNUFF.

Air—'Home, sweet Home.'

In this life there is joy, in this life there is care,
 And each mortal that lives must of both have a share,
 But our cares were too great, and our joys not enough,
 If wanting the zest we derive from good snuff.

Snuff! snuff! good black snuff!
 There 's no snuff like black snuff,
 There 's nothing like snuff.—atchee!

Then grant me good snuff, there I taste no alloy,
 For it cannot, like wine, our reason destroy,
 Oh! this sensitive nose must be callous enough,
 When I cease to delight in a pinch of good snuff.
 Snuff! snuff! &c.

INDIAN LOVE.

WRITTEN BY B. CORNWALL.

TELL me not that thou dost love me,
 Though it thrill me with delight:
 Thou art, like the stars, above me;
 I—the lowly earth at night.

Hast thou (*thou* from kings descended)
 Loved the Indian cottage-born;
 And shall she, whom Love befriended,
 Darken all thy hopeful morn?

Go,—and, for thy fathers' glory,
 Wed the blood that 's pure and free:
 'T is enough to gild my story
 That I *once* was loved by thee!

A SERENADE.

WORDS BY B. CORNWALL.—MUSIC BY THE CHEV. NEUKOMM.

AWAKE!—The starry midnight Hour
 Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight:
 In its own sweetness sleeps the flower;
 And the doves lie hushed in deep delight!
Awake! Awake!
Look forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake!

Awake!—Soft dews will soon arise
 From daisied mead, and thorny brake;
 Then, Sweet, uncloud those eastern eyes,
 And like the tender morning break!
Awake! Awake!
Dawn forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake!

Awake!—Within the musk-rose bower
 I watch, pale flower of love, for thee:
 Ah, come, and show the starry Hour
 What wealth of love thou hid'st from me!
Awake! Awake!
Show all thy love, for Love's sweet sake.

Awake!—Ne'er heed, though listening Night
 Steal music from thy silver voice:

Uncloud thy beauty, rare and bright,
And bid the world and me rejoice!
Awake! Awake!
She comes,—at last, for Love's sweet sake!

SWIFTLY FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

SWIFTLY from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire,
And the peeping sun-beams now
Paint with gold the village spire.

Sweet, O, sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossom'd spray,
Nature's universal song,
Echoes to the rising day.

HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE.

MUSIC BY MAZZINGHI.

HOPE told a flattering tale,
That joy would soon return,
Ah nought my sighs avail,
For love is doom'd to mourn.

Ah! where's the flatterer gone
From me forever flown,
The happy dream of love is o'er,
Life, alas! can charm no more.

KATE KEARNEY.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

OH! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney,
She lives on the banks of Killarney,
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming,
Yet, Oh! I can tell, how fatal the spell,
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
 Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
 Beware of her smile, for many a wile,
 Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple,
 Yet there's mischief in ev'ry dimple,
 And who dare breathe her sigh's spicy gale,
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

ANSWER TO KATE KEARNEY.

IN THE SAME AIR.

OH! yes, I have seen this Kate Kearney
 Who lives near the lake of Killarney;
 From her love beaming eye, what mortal can fly
 Unsubdued by the glance of Kate Kearney.

That eye so seducingly meaning,
 Assures me of mischief she's dreaming,
 And I feel 't is in vain, to fly from the chain
 That binds me to lovely Kate Kearney.

At eve, when I've seen this Kate Kearney,
 On the flower mantled banks of Killarney,
 Her smile would impart thrilling joy to my heart
 As I gazed on the charming Kate Kearney.

On the banks of Killarney reclining,
 My bosom to rapture resigning,
 I've felt the keen smart, of love's fatal dart,
 And inhaled the warm sigh of Kate Kearney.

THE BRIGHT, BRIGHT SHORE.

SUNG BY MR. HORN.

I HEAR thy shell resound
 The trembling waters o'er,
 And the songs that swell around
 My own bright shore!
 The melting charm I hear,
 The tuneful melody,
 That soothes the listening ear
 In the chambers of the sea,

Where the Nereid sisters play,
 And the envied smile to reap.
 Their wave-born loves array,
 All the treasures of the deep,
 But oh! I may not leave,
 To roam the waters o'er,
 My own bright shore,
 The bright, bright shore!

The golden hue of day,
 With the rich and radiant shower
 Of all the bloom of May,
 Here decks my parent bower;
 And hope, and truth, and love,
 If e'er with mortals found,
 Thrice bless my native grove,
 And breathe a heaven around.
 Then hither from the wave,
 And share our sweeter store;
 O hither from the wave,
 And share our sweeter store:
 I may not, cannot leave,
 The shore, the lovely shore,
 My own bright shore,
 The bright, bright shore!

THE SPRING TIME OF THE YEAR IS COMING.

SUNG BY MR. SINCLAIR.

THE spring time of year is coming, coming,
 Birds are blithe, are blithe and gay,
 Insects bright are humming, humming,
 And all the world is May, love,
 And all the world is May.
 The glorious sun is brighter,
 The balmy air is lighter;
 E'en woman whom we meet her
 In this sweet time is sweeter.
 The spring time, &c.

The gale is gently swelling, swelling,
 With fragrance from the balmy grove,
 And youthful swains are telling, telling
 Their happy tales of love, love,
 Their happy tales of love.

Spring makes the pulse with pleasure beat,
 Spring makes the heart with rapture thrill,
 Each maiden hastes her love to meet,
 With hope and joy his heart to fill.
 The spring time, &c.

THE MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

WORDS BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.—MUSIC BY ALEX. LEE.

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
 And the clan has a name that is nameless by day ;
 Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
 Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo :
 Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach !

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
 Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles !
 Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalach !

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
 Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish forever.
 Glenorchy's proud mountains, Colchurn and her towers,
 Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours ;—
 We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach !

Through the depths of Loch Katrine, the steed shall career,
 O'er the peak of Benlomond the galley shall steer,
 And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
 Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt.

SWEET HOME.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JOHN PARRY.

WHEN wandering far, on distant soil,
 Where fortune bade me roam,
 'Mid splendid scenes, or joy, or toil,
 I ne'er forgot my home,
 Sweet, sweet home !
 Sweet, sweet home !
 Where'er I stray, where'er I roam,
 I ne'er forget my home, sweet home !
 I ne'er forget my home.

But ah ! what must the captive feel,
 Whose thoughts alone are free !
 His pallid looks and sighs reveal
 How much he pines for thee,
 Sweet, sweet home !
 Where'er I stray, where'er I roam,
 I ne'er forget my home, sweet home !

THE BRAES OF BALQUHITHER.

WORDS BY TANNAHILL.

LET us go, lassie, go
 To the braes of Balquhither,
 Where the blae-berries grow
 'Mong bonnie Highland heather ;
 Where the deer and the rae,
 Lightly bounding together,
 Sport the lang summer day
 On the braes of Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bow'r,
 By the clear siller fountain,
 And I'll cover it o'er
 Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain,
 I will range through the wilds,
 And the deep glens sae dreary,
 And return wi' their spoils
 To the bow'r o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
 Idly raves round our dwelling,
 And the roar of the linn .
 On the night breeze is swelling,
 So merrily we'll sing
 As the storm rattles o'er us,
 Till the dear sheeling ring
 Wi' the light liltin' chorus.

Now the summer is in prime
 Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
 And the wild mountain thyme,
 A' the moorland perfuming !
 To our dear native scenes
 Let us journey together,
 Where glad innocence reigns
 'Mang the braes of Balquhither.

LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

A Duet.

He.—Gentle Zitella, whither away?
Love's ritornella, list while I play.

She.—No, I have lingered too long on my road,
Night is advancing, the brigand's abroad!
Lonely Zitella has too much to fear;
Love's ritornella she may not hear.

He.—Charming Zitella, why shouldst thou care,
Night is not darker than thy raven hair!
And those bright eyes, if the brigand should see
Thou art the robber, the captive is he!
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear,
Love's ritornella, tarry and hear.

She.—Simple Zitella, beware, ah beware!
List ye no ditty, grant ye no prayer.

He.—To your light footsteps let terror add wings!
'T is Massaroni himself who now sings!
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear!
Love's ritornella, tarry and hear!

SOFTLY GLIDES THE SEA.

SUNG BY MISS HUGHES.

Soft glides the sea,
Bounding and free,
Dance the blue waves, as they rush to the shore;
O'er vale and height
Gleams the moon bright;
Gaily the Mariner plies the swift oar,
Singing awhile, 'Ere the sun lights the main,
Land of my birth, I shall greet thee again.'

Night wears away;
Sullen and gray
Frowns the dark sea; o'er the wild restless deep
Lightning's red flash,
Thunder's loud crash
Now quiver and peal—Go, Mariner, weep;
Haply I deem, though the sun lights the main,
Its rays to thy land shall not greet thee again.

Tempests are fled ;
 Morning hath shed
 Light from her eye and balm from her breath ;
 All things rejoice ;
 Heard is the voice
 Of the Mariner now singing praises of home.
 The ship's gallant prow presses on through the main,
 And he treads on the land of his fathers again.

MARMION.

MUSIC BY DOCT. JOHN CLARKE.

THE war that for a space did fail,
 Now doubly thundering swell'd the gale,
 And ' Stanley ! ' was the cry :
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye :
 With dying hand above his head,
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted ' Victory !
 Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on,'
 Were the last words of Marmion.

FANNY DEAREST.

WRITTEN BY MOORE.

OH ! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
 Fanny, dearest, for thee I 'd sigh,
 And ev'ry smile on my cheek should turn
 To tears when thou art nigh ;
 But, between love, and joy, and sleep,
 So busy a life I live,
 That even the time it would take to weep,
 Is more than my heart can give.
 Then bid me not to despair and pine,
 Fanny, dearest of all the dears ;
 The love that 's order'd to bathe in wine,
 Would be sure to take cold in tears.

 Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
 Fanny, dearest, thine image lies ;
 But, ah ! the mirror would cease to shine,
 If dimmed too often with sighs.
They lose one-half of beauty's light,

Who view it thro' sorrow's tear;
 And 't is only to see thee truly bright,
 That I keep my eye-beam clear.
 Then wait no longer till tears shall flow,
 Fanny, dearest, the hope is vain;
 If sunshine will not dissolve thy snow,
 I shall never attempt it with rain.

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST.

WORDS BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHERE shall the lover rest,
 Whom the fates sever,
 From his true maiden's breast
 Parted forever?
 Where thro' groves deep and high,
 Sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die
 Under the willow.
 Eleu, loro,—There shall be his pillow.

There, thro' the summer day,
 Cool streams are laving;
 There, while the tempests sway,
 Scarce are boughs waving:
 There thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted forever,
 Never again to wake,
 Never, O never.
 Eleu, loro,—Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest?
 He, the deceiver,
 Who could win maiden's breast,
 Ruin and leave her?
 In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying,
 Eleu, loro,—There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
 O'er the false-hearted;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap
 Ere life be parted;

Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever,
Blessings shall hallow it,
Never, O never,
Eleu, loro,—Never, O never.

FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

Air—'New Langolee.'

DEAR harp of my country ! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly my own Island Harp I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song ;
The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness,
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness !
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country ! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine,
Go,—sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand, less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throb'd at our lay, 't is thy glory alone ;
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own !

CANST THOU LEAVE ME ?

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

Air—'Roy's wife.'

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity ?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy ?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy ?
Canst thou, &c.

Farewell ! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy !
Thou mayst find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy.
Canst thou, &c.

THE WEDDING RING.

Air—'The plain gold ring.'

IN Venice once a noble youth
Beheld a maid as fair as truth :
He woo'd her charms, and won her heart
But friendship forc'd him to depart.
Ere from her beauty he did stray
She cried, 'be faithful while away,
This ring of love I prithee take,
And ne'er such pledge of truth forsake.'

The claims of friendship satisfied,
Bassanio to his *Portia* hied ;
(But mark the power of female art,
Disguis'd she made him with it part :)
'Where is love's token?' quick, she said,
Confus'd he hung his drooping head,
Though such to her he could not bring,
She took with joy—the *Wedding Ring*!

SONG OF THE SKATERS.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

THIS bleak and chilly morning,
With frost the trees adorning,
Though Phœbus below
Were all in a glow,
Through the sparkling snow
A skating we go,
With a fal, lal, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.

From right to left we're plying,
Swifter than wind we're flying,
Spheres on spheres surrounding,
Health and strength abounding,
In circles we swing :
Our poise still we keep,
Behold how we sweep
The face of the deep,
With a fal, lal, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.

Great Jove looks down with wonder,
 To view his sons of thunder :
 Though the waters he seal,
 We rove on our heel,
 Our weapons are steel,
 And no danger we feel,
 With a fal, lal, la,
 To the sound of the merry horn.

See, see, our band advances,
 See how they join in dances,
 Horns and trumpets sounding,
 Rocks and hills rebounding,
 Let Tritons now blow,
 And call us their foe,
 For Neptune below
 His beard dare not show.
 With a fal, lal, la,
 To the sound of the merry horn.

WHEN ROSEATE HUES OF MORNING.

A HUNTING DUET, WRITTEN BY J. N. O.

Air—'Skater's Song.'

WHEN roseate hues of morning,
 The eastern sky adorning ;
 We awake with the light,
 Ere the lark takes his flight,
 And ~~our~~ with delight,
 As the hounds heave in sight,
 The huntsman wake the echoing air
 With the sound of the merry merry horn.
 Now see before us flying,
 The stag our speed defying,
 Till strength his limbs forsaking ;
 The hounds his steps o'ertaking ;
 He bends to the blow,
 While the ghad tally-ho,
 Resounding o'er the verdant plain,
 Sweetly blends with the merry, merry horn.

And when from chase retiring,
 Sweet love our hearts inspiring ;
 Forgetting our toil,
 The hours we beguile,
 With the fair one's smile ;
 And listen the while,

To the voice whose music charms the ear,
 Like the sound of the merry, merry horn.
 Thus, thus we banish sorrow,
 Reposing till the morrow;
 When at morn's first breaking,
 Sweet the echoes waking,—
 Our bosoms they glow,
 As the glad tally-ho,
 Resounding o'er the verdant plain,
 Sweetly blends with the merry merry horn.

THE MELLOW HORN.

WORDS BY T. W. HYATT, ESQ.—MUSIC BY JONES.

At dawn Aurora gaily breaks,
 In all her proud attire,
 Majestic o'er the glassy lakes
 Reflecting liquid fire;
 All nature smiles to usher in
 The blushing queen of morn,
 And Huntsmen with the day begin
 To wind the mellow horn.

At eve when gloomy shades obscure
 The tranquil shepherd's cot,
 When tinkling bells are heard no more
 And daily toil forgot;
 'Tis then the sweet enchanting note,
 On zephyrs gently borne,
 With witching cadence seems to float
 Around the mellow horn.

WHEN MORNING'S LIGHT IS GENTLY BREAKING.

COMPOSED BY D. F. E. AUBER.

When morning's light is gently breaking
 Along the ocean's placid tide,
 And when the breeze is first awaking,
 O'er the wave we gaily ride.
 Unfurl the sail, with caution steer,
 The wily nets prepare,
 To yonder crag, our bark we 'll bring,
 our bark we 'll bring,

And seize, and seize with joy the ocean's King,
 And seize, and seize with joy the ocean's King,
 The wily nets prepare,
 The wily nets prepare,
 To yonder crag our bark we 'll bring,
 our bark to anchor bring,
 And seize with joy, &c.

We leave our huts when day is dawning,
 And mark the bright sun's early ray,
 And then all toil and danger scorning,
 O'er waves of blue we speed away.
 Our bark rides gaily on again,
 In silence o'er the main,
 And when the western breezes spring,
 the breezes spring,
 We seize, we seize with joy the ocean's King,
 We seize, we seize, &c.
 In silence o'er the main,
 In silence o'er the main,
 And when the western breezes spring,
 the western breezes spring,
 We seize with joy, &c.

HOMAGE TO CHARLIE.

COMPOSED BY ALEX. LEE.

SOUND the horn, hailing the morn,
 Bonnie lad march over muir and furrow,
 Thro' the glen, earlie we 'll ken
 Who shall pay homage to Charlie to-morrow
 The colors are flying,
 The foemen defying,
 In triumph replying,
 That freedom is near,
 The war pipes are sounding,
 Brave hearts are all bounding,
 With valor surrounding,
 The young chevalier.
 Sound the horn, &c.

Tho' now we may sever,
 It may be forever
 From those we love,—never
 Be ours the sad tear,

SOUVENIR MINSTREL.

No, boldly we 'll sally,
 From hill and from valley,
 Round Charlie to rally
 The young chevalier.
 Sound the horn, &c.

AWAY! AWAY, TO THE MOUNTAIN'S BROW.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

AWAY! away, to the mountain's brow,
 Where the trees are gently waving,
 AWAY! away, to the mountain's brow
 Where the stream is gently laving,
 And beauty, my love, on thy cheek shall dwell,
 Like the rose as it opes to the day,
 While the zephyr that breathes thro' the flow'ry dell,
 Shakes the sparkling dewdrops away.
 Away! away, to the mountain's brow, &c.

Away! away, to the rocky glen,
 Where the deer are wildly bounding,
 And the hills shall echo in gladness again,
 To the hunter's bugle sounding,
 While beauty, my love, on thy cheek shall dwell,
 Like the rose as it opes to the day,
 While the zephyr that breathes thro' the flow'ry dell,
 Shakes the sparkling dewdrops away.
 Away! away, to the rocky glen, &c.

HUNTSMAN'S CALL.

A Glee.—COMPOSED BY S. WEBBE.

AWAY! away! we 've crown'd the day,
 The hounds are waiting for their prey,
 The huntsman's call
 Invites ye all,
 Come in boys, while ye may.
 The jolly, jolly horn,
 The rosy morn,
 With harmony of deep mouth hounds,
 For these my boys,
 Are sportsman's joys,
 Our pleasure knows no bounds.

THE CHASE.

A ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.—ARRANGED BY Z. WYVILL.

1. A SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky,
Proclaim it a hunting morning;
Before the sun rises away we fly,
Dull sleep and a downy bed scorning.
2. To horse, my brave boys, and away,
Bright Phoebus the hills is adorning;
The face of all nature looks gay,
'Tis a beautiful scent lying morning;
3. Hark! hark! forward!
Tantara, tantara, tantara:—
Hark! hark! forward!
Tantara, tantara, tantara.

THE HUNTER'S HORN.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

SWIFT from the covert the merry pack fled,
While bounding they sprang over valley and mead;
Widespreading his antlers, erected his head,
The stag, his enemies scorning.
O had you seen then, through torrent, through brake,
Each sportsman right gallant his rival race take,
'T would please beauty's ear to have heard echo wake
To the hunter's horn in the morning.

Clear'd was the forest, the mountain pass'd o'er;
Yet freshly their riders the willing steeds bore:
The river roll'd deep where the stag spurn'd the shore,
Yet own'd no timorous warning.
So close was he follow'd, the foam where he sprung,
Encircled and sparkled the coursers among,
While the dogs of the chase the rude melody rung,
To the hunter's horn in the morning.

THE SWISS HUNTER'S WELCOME HOME.

ARRANGED BY L. DEVEREAUX.

WHILE the hunter o'er the mountain, at daybreak is bounding,
 By the wild rilly fountain, the chamois describes;
 Through the mist of the morning, his hallo resounding,
 Every fear nobly scorning, still onward he flies.
 When the hunter o'er the mountain,
 At daybreak is bounding,
 By the wild rilly fountain,
 The chamois describes, the chamois, &c.

He tracks in the snow print, the flight of the ranger;
 He brushes the dew-tint, where cataracts foam;
 The hunter pursuing, surmounts every danger,
 The swift chase renewing, till night calls him home.
 When the hunter o'er the mountain,
 At daybreak is bounding,
 In search of the chamois,
 Unwearied he flies, unwearied he flies.

From the toils of the chase, the bold hunter returning,
 With joy views his cot in the valley below.
 When the hunter o'er the mountain, from the chase is returnin
 To his cot near the fountain, with rapture he flies.
 Then content in his cottage,
 While gently reposing,
 From woman's bright smile
 Meets a sweet welcome home, a sweet, &c.

HUNTSMAN'S SONG AND CHORUS.

MUSIC BY WEBER.

OH! what can compare to the hunstman's bold pleasure!
 For whom is the goblet so rich and so free?
 To rise from the grass at the horn's cheering measure,
 And follow the stag thro' the forest and lea.
 Oh! these are enjoyments that lighten and cheer us,
 Give strength to the frame, and delight to the soul:
 When rocks with their echoes, and forests are near us,
 More free sounds the pledge from the full-flowing bowl.
 Yo ho! tral, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 When rocks with their echoes, their echoes are near us,
 More free sounds the pledge from the full-flowing bowl.
 Yo ho! tral, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Diana at night shines brilliantly o'er us,
 And aids us with coolness and shadows by day,
 To chase the grim wolf from his covert before us,
 And bring the wild boar in his fury to bay.
 Oh! these are enjoyments that lighten and cheer us,
 Give strength to the frame, and delight to the soul:
 When rocks with their echoes, and forests are near us,
 More free sounds the pledge from the full-flowing bowl.
 Ye ho! tral, la, &c.

THE CRY OF THE HOUNDS.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

THE gray eye of morning was dear to my youth,
 When I sprung like the roe from my bed,
 With the glow of the passions, the feelings of truth,
 And the light hand of time on my head;
 For that 't was my maxim through life to be free,
 And so spent my short moments away,
 The cry of the hounds was the music for me,
 My glory the dawn of the day.

In yellow-leaved Autumn the haze of the morn,
 Gave promise of rapture to come,
 Then melody woke in the sound of the horn,
 As we cheered the old fox from his home;
 The breeze and the shout met the sun's early beam,
 With the village response in full play,
 All vigor my steed leap'd the fence or the stream,
 And was foremost at dawn of the day.

The well tuned view halloo that shook the green wood,
 And arrested the ploughman's gay song,
 Gave nerve to the hunters and fire to the blood
 Of the hounds, as they bounded along;
 And shall I relinquish this joy of my heart,
 While years with my strength roll away,
 Hark! the horn, bring my horse, see, they're ready to start,
 Tally ho! at the dawning of day.

HARK! HARK! AWAY.

A HUNTING SONG.

THE moment Aurora peeped into the room,
 I put on my clothes and I called for my groom;
 Will Whistle by this had uncoupled the hounds,

Who, lively and mettlesome, frisk'd o'er the grounds,
And now we 're all saddled, Fleet, Dapple, and Gray,
Seemed longing to hear the glad sound, hark away!

'T was now by the clock about five in the morn,
And we all galloped off to the sound of the horn,
Jack Gater, Bill Blubber, and Dick at the Goose,
When all of a sudden out starts Mrs. Puss.
Men, horses, dogs, not a moment would stay,
And echo was heard to cry hark, hark away!

The course was a fine one, she took o'er the plain,
Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled again,
Till at last, she to cover returned, out of breath,
Where I and Will Whistle were in at the death;
Then, in triumph for you, I the hare did display,
And cried to the horns, my boys, hark, hark away.

THE HUNTSMAN.

A HUNTING SONG AND CHORUS.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with gold,
And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold;
The lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay:
With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the court;
Nor care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still gives us zeal to our joy.
With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee;
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
Though often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.
With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the soldier hunts fame;
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;
And the artful coquette, though she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.
With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,
 All the blessing we ask, is the blessing of health ;
 With hounds and with horns, through the woodlands to roam,
 And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.
 With the sports of the field, &c.

HARK ! THE GODDESS DIANA.

A Duet.

HARK ! the goddess Diana
 Calls aloud for the chase ;
 Bright Phœbus awakens the morn,
 Rouse, rouse from your slumber,
 And for hunting prepare,
 For the huntsman is winding his horn.

See ! the hounds are unkennell'd,
 And all ripe for the chase,
 They start to o'ertake the fleet hare !
 All danger they 're scorning,
 And for hunting preparing ;
 To the field then, brave boys, let 's repair.

HARK ECHO.

HARK echo, sweet echo, repeats the loud strain,
 The shouting and hooting of chaste Diana's train :
 Aurora smiles sweetly, and comes on apace,
 The hounds and the horns call us forth to the chase.

Blind Cupid is banish'd from these happy fields,
 His quiver to Dian, the wanton now yields ;
 She blunts all his arrows, his power destroys,
 While the virgins all follow her innocent joys.

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

WORDS BY E. CORNWALL.—MUSIC BY THE CHEV. NEUKOMM.

Rise ! Sleep no more ! 'T is a noble morn :
 The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn :
 And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten hound,
 Under the steaming steaming ground.

Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,
And leave us alone in the clear gray sky !
Our horses are ready and steady—So, ho !
I'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.

*Hark, hark !—Who calleth the maiden Morn
From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn ?
The horn,—the horn !*

The merry sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

Now,—Thorough the copse, where the fox is found,
And over the stream, at a mighty bound,
And over the high lands, and over the low,
O'er furrows, o'er meadows the hunters go !

Away !—as a hawk flies full at its prey,
So **flieth** the hunter, away,—away !

From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
When the red fox dies and—the day is done !

*Hark, hark !—What sound on the wind is borne ?
'Tis the conquering voice of the hunter's horn.*

The horn,—the horn !

The merry bold voice of the hunter's horn.

Sound ! Sound the horn ! To the hunter good
What's the gully deep or the roaring flood ?
Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,
At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds.
Oh !—*what* delight can a mortal lack,
When he once is **firm** on his horse's back,
With his stirrups **short**, and his snaffle strong,
And the blast of the horn for his morning song ?

*Hark, hark !—Now, home ! and dream till morn,
Of the bold sweet sound of the hunter's horn !*

The horn,—the horn !

Oh, the sound of all sounds is the hunter's horn !

THE LITTLE VOICE.

WORDS BY B. CORNWALL.—MUSIC BY THE CHEV. NEUKOMM.

ONCE there was a little Voice,
Merry as the month of May,
That did cry ' *Rejoice ! Rejoice !* '
Now—'t is flown away !

Sweet it was, and very clear,
Chasing every thought of pain :
Summer ! shall I ever hear
Such a voice again ?

I have pondered all night long,
 Listening for as soft a sound;
 But so sweet and clear a song,
 Never have I found!

I would give a mine of gold,
 Could I hear that little Voice,—
 Could I, as in days of old,
 At a sound rejoice!

THE BUCKET.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection recalls them to view—
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
 The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
 The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
 The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
 For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield;
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
 The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
 The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
 As poised on the cord, it inclined to my lips;
 Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 And now far removed from the loved situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy revisits my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in his well—
 The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
 The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in his well.

'T WAS YOU, SIR.

A Catch.

1. 'T WAS you, sir, 't was you, sir,
I tell you nothing new, sir,
'T was you that kiss'd the pretty girl,
'T was you, sir, you ;
2. 'T is true, sir, 't is true, sir,
You look so very blue, sir,
I 'm sure you kiss'd the pretty girl,
'T is true, sir, true ;
3. Oh, sir, no, sir,
How can you wrong me so, sir ?
I did not kiss the pretty girl—
But I know who.

THE LOVING QUAKER.

Air—' Oh ' dear, what can the matter be.'

VERILY, ah ! how my heart keepeth bumping,
A pendulum 'gainst my tough ribs loudly thumping
Or a mouse in a rat-trap, that 's to and fro jumping,
'T is truth now, by yea and by nay.
And it 's umph ! umph ! what can the matter be,
Umph ! umph ! what can the matter be,
Ephraim, thou 'rt going astray.

Yea, marvellous 't was, when mine eyes first went roving;
From meek sister Sarah towards vanity moving,
I found a profane one it was, I was loving.

'T is truth, &c.

I was folly's vain garment, the maid smiled so good in,
In sea, silk hose, and pumps, on the pavement she stood in,
'Which stirred up my zeal, as you 'd stir up a pudding.

'T is truth, &c.

When I yea and nay e'er pronounce to deceive her,
Or I bow down my body to take off my beaver.
Could cherish the maiden for ever and ever,
Yea and nay, thus much I own,
And 'tis umph ! umph ! what can the matter be,
Umph ! umph ! what can the matter be,
Verily long to know what can the matter be,
When she is bone of my bone.

THE SWEETS OF LIBERTY.

Air—'Is there a heart, &c.'

Is there a man that never sigh'd
To set the prisoner free?
Is there a man that never prized
The sweets of liberty?
Then let him, let him breathe unseen,
Or in a dungeon live;
Nor never, never know the sweets
That liberty can give.

Is there a heart so cold in man,
Can galling fetters crave?
Is there a wretch so truly low,
Can stoop to be a slave?
O, let him, then, in chains be bound,
In chains and bondage live;
Nor never, never know the sweets
That liberty can give.

Is there a breast so chilled in life,
Can nurse the coward's sigh?
Is there a creature so debased,
Would not for freedom die?
O, let him, then, be doomed to crawl
Where only reptiles live;
Nor never, never know the sweets
That liberty can give.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?
I'm going a milking, sir, she said;
May I go with you, my pretty maid?
It's just as you please, kind sir, she said.

What is your father, my pretty maid?
My father's a farmer, sir, she said;
Then I will marry you, my pretty maid;
It's not as you please, kind sir, she said.

What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
My face is my fortune, sir, she said;
Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid;
Nobody ask'd you, sir, she said.

THE AMERICAN STAR.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

COME, strike the bold anthem, the war dogs are howling,
 Already they eagerly snuff up their prey,
 The red clouds of war o'er our forests are scowling,
 Soft peace spreads her wings and flies weeping away;
 The infants, affrighted, cling close to their mothers,
 The youth grasp their swords, for the combat prepare,
 While beauty weeps fathers, and lovers and brothers,
 Who rush to display the American Star.

Come blow the shrill bugle, the loud drum awaken,
 The dread rifle seize, let the cannon deep roar;
 No heart with pale fear, or faint doubtings be shaken,
 No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore:
 Shall mothers, wives, daughters and sisters left weeping,
 Insulted by ruffians, be dragged to despair!
 Oh no! from her hills the proud eagle comes sweeping,
 And waves to the brave the American Star.

The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery,
 Look down from the clouds, with bright aspect serene;
 Come soldiers, a tear and a toast to their memory,
 Reminding they'll see us as they once have been;
 To the high boon by the gods has been granted,
 To speed the glad tidings of liberty far;
 Let millions invade us, we'll meet them undaunted,
 And vanquish them by the American Star.

Your hands, then, dear comrades, round liberty's altar,
 United we swear by the souls of the brave!
 Not one from the strong resolution shall falter,
 To live independent, or sink to the grave!
 Then, freemen, fill up—Lo! the striped banner's flying,
 The high bird of liberty screams through the air;
 Beneath her oppression and tyranny dying—
 Success to the beaming American Star.

WE'RE A' NODDIN.

FAVORITE SCOTCH AIR.

WE'RE a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
 And we're a' noddin, at our house at hame:
 When the dame's awa' it's the time to play,

And the lads love lasses, and the lasses love lads too.
 Kate sits in the nuke, with her laddie so true,
 And the carle tak' ye a', for ye're a' noddin too.
 And we're a' noddin, &c.

We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
 And we're a' noddin, at our house at hame :
 And how d'ye do, Kimmer, and how d'ye thrive,
 And how many bairns ha' ye? Kimmer, I ha' five
 And are they a' at hame? Oh! na, na, na,
 Twa others with Willie far awa'.
 And we're a' noddin, &c.

WAKE! LADY WAKE.

A SERENADE.

WAKE! lady, wake! the midnight moon
 Sails through the cloudless night of June;
 The stars gaze sweetly on the stream,
 Which, in the brightness of their beam,
 One sheet of glory lies.
 The glow-worm lends its little light,
 And all that's beautiful and bright
 Is shining in this world to-night,
 Save thy bright eyes!
 Then wake! lady, wake!

Wake! lady, wake! the nightingale
 Sings to the moon her love-lorn tale,
 Now doth the brook that's hush'd by day,
 As through the vale she winds her way,
 In murmurs soft rejoice;
 The leaves the midnight winds have stirr'd,
 Are whisp'ring many a gentle word,
 And all earth's sweetest sounds are heard,
 Save thy sweet voice!
 Then wake! lady, wake!

GAILY THE TROUBADOUR.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

GAILY the Troubadour touch'd his guitar,
 When he was hastening home from the war,
 Singing, 'From Palestine, hither I come,
 Lady love, lady love, welcome me home.'

She for the Troubadour, hopelessly wept,
 Sadly she thought of him, when others slept,
 Singing, 'In search of thee, would I might see
 Troubadour, troubadour, come to thy home.'

Hark ! 't was the Troubadour, breathing her
 Under the battlement softly he came,
 Singing, 'From Palestine, hither I come,
 Lady love, lady love, welcome me home.'

THE BONNY SLEIGH.

Air—'The bonny boat.'

O SWIFTLY glides the bonny sleigh,
 Just parted from the door,
 With jingling bells and horses' neigh,
 The snow dash'd up before.
 This pleasure now, and happy cheer,
 Are much enjoy'd indeed ;
 With blooming belles to us so dear,
 To Laurel Hill we 'll speed.
 We cast our lines upon the rails,
 Where snow had drifted wide ;
 Our bonny sleigh, coats, hats and veils,
 Were all then laid aside :
 Then happy proved the merry-dance
 Upon the mansion floor ;
 While wine and cider, mull'd and warm,
 Came in at every door.

The skaters on the ice may sing,
 Whilst all around they charm ;
 But we prefer the sleigh bells' ring,
 When all wrapp'd up so warm :
 It safely bears its lovely store
 Through many a stormy gale ;
 Whilst joyful shouts from half a score,
 Our merry party hail.
 We cast our lines upon the rails,
 Where snow had drifted wide ;
 Our bonny sleigh, coats, hats and veils,
 Were all then laid aside :
 Then happy prov'd the jolly folks,
 With ne'er a sigh nor care :
 'Till now return and crack some jokes,
 'Till our treasures are.

Now near the city we are come,
 The lamps I plainly see :
 From the good dame we left at home,
 Our welcome warm will be :
 The well known shout, and sleigh bells' ring,
 Seem echoing in her ears ;
 Now come, my boys, let's loudly sing,
 She'll soon forget her fears.
 We'll cast our lines upon the post,
 That stands before the door,
 And then we'll all our fingers toast,
 And sleigh a little more.
 Then happy prove each pleasant jaunt
 Upon the wintry plain ;
 I'm sure we shall not sleighing want,
 If snow don't turn to rain.

THE ONSET.

A BATTLE SONG.—BY B. CORNWALL.

SOUND an alarm ! The foe is come !
 I hear the tramp,—the neigh,—the hum,
 The cry, and the blow of his daring drum—
Huzzah !

Sound ! The blast of our trumpet blown
 Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone.
 What ! shall we shake at a foe unknown ?
Huzzah !—Huzzah !

Have we not sinews as strong as they ?
 Have we not hearts that ne'er gave way ?
 Have we not God on our side to-day ?
Huzzah !

Look ! They are staggered on yon black heath :
 Steady awhile, and hold your breath !
 Now is your time, men,—Down like Death !
Huzzah !—Huzzah !

Stand by each other, and front your foes !
 Fight, whilst a drop of the red blood flows !
 Fight, as ye fought for the old red rose !
Huzzah !

Sound ! bid your terrible trumpets bray !
 Blow, till their brazen throats give way !
 Sound to the battle ! Sound, I say !
Huzzah !—Huzzah !

THE NIGHTS.

WRITTEN BY B. CORNWALL.—MUSIC BY THE CHEV. NEUKOMM.

Oh ! The Summer Night
 Has a smile of light,
 And she sits on a sapphire throne ;
 Whilst the sweet Winds load her
 With garlands of odor,
 From the bud to the rose o'er-blown !

But the Autumn Night
 Has a piercing sight,
 And a step both strong and free ;
 And a voice for wonder,
 Like the wrath of the Thunder,
 When he shouts to the stormy sea !

And the Winter Night
 Is all cold and white,
 And she singeth a song of pain ;
 Till the wild bee hummeth,
 And warm Spring cometh,
 When she dies in a dream of rain !

Oh, the Night, the Night !
 'T is a lovely sight,
 Whatever the clime or time ;
 For sorrow then soareth,
 And the lover out-poureth
 His soul in a star-bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep
 To the forests deep,
 The forest bird to its nest ;
 To Care bright hours,
 And dreams of flowers,
 And that balm to the weary,—Rest !

LOVE'S SUMMER WEATHER.

Air—'Ye banks and braes.'

THOUGH breezes rail, and death prevail
 O'er all the blossoms Spring discloses,
 And swallows shiver beside the river,
 And June be June without the roses ;

Still, Love is warm, his native charm
 Steals through the veins of human nature,
 Like hopes of heaven to sinners given,
 That lighten joy in ev'ry feature.

Though the bright sun his course should run,
 As if he 'd lost his genial shining,
 And haste to flee beneath the sea,
 And leave the flowers still repining ;
 Or, though the air a famine bear,
 And Spring and Winter come together,
 Yet love that 's true has nought to rue,
 For love 's a constant Summer weather.

REMEMBER ME.

WRITTEN BY T. B. PHIPPS.—ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

REMEMBER me ! though rolling ocean
 Place its bounds 'twixt thee and me ;
 Remember me ! with soft emotion,
 And believe I think on thee.
 Should'st thou behold fond lovers meeting,
 All their glowing thoughts to tell ;
 Or hear the tongue so prompt at greeting,
 Utter slow that word, farewell !
 Remember me ! for thus 't was ever,
 When from thee oft forced to part,
 My lingering look from thine could sever,
 Only with an aching heart

Remember me ! should e'er before thee
 Lovers plead on bended knee ;
 Ah ! let the shadowy past come o'er thee,
 List not, but remember me.
 Oh ! might yon orb that brightly burneth,
 On one spot light me and thee :
 Then till that hour so dear returneth,
 Fail not to remember me !
 Remember me ! though rolling ocean
 Place its bounds 'twixt thee and me,
 Remember me ! with soft emotion,
 And, believe, I think on thee !

ONE DEAR SMILE.

WORDS BY T. MOORE.

COULDST thou look as dear as when
 First I sigh'd for thee ;
 Couldst thou make me feel again
 Ev'ry wish I breath'd thee then,
 Oh ! how blissful life would be !
 Hopes that now beguiling leave me,
 Joys that lie in slumber cold—
 All would wake, couldst thou but give me
 One dear smile, like those of old.

Oh ! there 's nothing left us now,
 But to mourn the past ;
 Vain was ev'ry ardent vow.
 Never yet did Heav'n allow
 Love so warm, so wild to last.
 Not e'en hope could now deceive me—
 Life itself looks dark and cold :
 Oh ! thou never more canst give me
 One dear smile, like those of old.

SWEETLY ON THE WINGS OF MORNING.

SUNG BY MADAME VESTRIS.

SWEETLY on the wings of morning,
 Floating down the valley,
 Comes the kine's melodious warning,
 On the hills to rally :
 Peace in ev'ry note is breathing,
 On them Echo loves to dwell,
 Echo loves to dwell.
 Silv'ry mists the lake enwreathing
 Rise like spirits at the spell !
 But ere long, the Peasant's song
 To sterner music changing,
 Banner'd ranks the vale shall throng
 Revenge the rocks be ranging.
 Squadrons galloping,
 Flames enveloping,
 Craggs with carnage reeking ;
 Trumpets sounding,
 Shots rebounding,

Death for victims shrieking !
 Till the shout of victory clearing
 Battle's crimson clouds away,
 Peace with Freedom reappearing,
 Here resume their ancient sway.
 Then again the breeze of morning,
 Floating down the valley,
 Shall bear the kine's melodious warning
 On the hills to rally.

I'VE GAZED UPON THY SUNNY SMILE.

WORDS BY CAROLUS.—*Air 'Love's Young Dream.'*

I've gazed upon thy sunny smile,
 In silent joy ;
 I've mark'd the rose-tint on thy cheek—
 Thy beauteous eye.
 I've seen thy beauty ripen more,
 And stronger glow ;
 I saw thee in thy youthful prime—
 I see thee now !

I've view'd the early rose, at morn,
 Whose fragrant sigh
 Breathed sweetness to the summer air,
 And flow'rets nigh :
 I look'd at eve—alas ! the storm
 Had spoil'd the gem ;
 Its leaves were scatter'd—none remain'd
 Upon the stem.

I've wept to think that age will dim
 Thy beaming eye ;
 That care may wash from off thy cheek
 The sweetest dye.
 To mark the change would break my heart,
 If swiftly wrought ;
 But care and sorrow slowly steal
 And damp each thought.

A SONG FOR THE SEASONS.

BY B. CORNWALL.

WHEN the merry lark doth gild
 With his song the summer hours,
 And their nests the swallows build
 In the roofs and tops of towers,
 And the golden broom-flower burns
 All about the waste,
 And the maiden May returns
 With a pretty haste—

*Then, how merry are the times !
 The Summer times ! the Spring times !*

Now, from off the ashy stone
 The chilly midnight cricket crieth,
 And all merry birds are flown,
 And our dream of pleasure dieth ;
 Now the once blue laughing sky
 Saddens into gray,
 And the frozen rivers sigh,
 Pining all away !

*Now, how solemn are the times !
 The Winter times ! the Night times !*

Yet, be merry : all around
 Is through one vast change resolving :
 Even Night, who lately frowned,
 Is in paler dawn dissolving :
 Earth will burst her fetters strange,
 And in Spring grow free :
 All things in the world will change,
 Save—my love for thee !

*Sing then, hopeful are all times !
 Winter, Summer, Spring times !*

THE HAPPY HOURS.

WORDS BY B. CORNWALL.—MUSIC BY THE CHEV. NEUKOMM.

O, the Hours ! the happy Hours !
 When there shone the light of Love,
 And all the sky was blue above,
 And the earth was full of flowers !

*Why should Time and toil
 The worth and beauty spoil
 Of such happy Hours ?*

O, the Hours! the spring-time Hours!
 When the Soul doth forwards bend
 And dream the sweet world hath no end,
 Neither spot, nor shade, nor showers!
*Can we ne'er resume
 The love, the light, the bloom
 Of those vernal Hours?*

Ever do the year's bright Hours
 Come, with laughing April, round,
 And with her walk the grassy ground,
 When she calleth forth the flowers:
*But no new springs bear
 To us, thoughts half so fair
 As the by-gone Hours!*

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

SCOTCH MELODY.

THE Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho!
 The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho!
 The Campbells are comin to bonnie Lochleven,
 The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho!

Upon the Lemons I lay, I lay,
 Upon the Lemons I lay, I lay,
 I looked down to bonnie Lochleven,
 And heard the bonnie pibrochs play
 The Campbells, &c.

Great Argyle, he goes before,
 He makes his cannons loudly roar,
 Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe and drum,
 The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho!
 The Campbells, &c.

The Campbells, they are a' in arms,
 Their loyal faith and truth to show,
 Wi' banners rattling in the wind,
 The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho!
 The Campbells, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lour'd,
 And the sentinel-stars set their watch in the sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
 When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice, ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
 Till autumn and sunshine disclosed the sweet way,
 To the house of my father, who welcom'd me back.
 I flew to the pleasant field, travers'd so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud, in the fulness of heart—
 'Stay, stay with us!—rest! thou art weary and worn!'
 And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

BONNIE DOON.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.—SCOTCH MELODY.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care?
 Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wanton'st through the flow'ry thorn;
 Thou 'mind'st me of departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Oft have I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine:
 Wi' lightsome heart, I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
 And my fause lover staw my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

THE WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

FAINT and wearily the way-worn traveller
 Plods uncheerily, afraid to stop;
 Wand'ring drearily, and sad unraveller
 Of the maze towards the mountain's top.
 Doubting, fearing, while his course he's steering,
 Cottages appearing as he's nigh to drop—
 Oh! how briskly then the way-worn traveller
 Treads the maze towards the mountain's top.

Though so melancholy day has pass'd by,
 'T would be folly to think on 't more;
 Blithe and jolly he the can holds fast by,
 As he's sitting at the goatherd's door:
 Eating, quaffing, at past labor laughing,
 Better far by half in spirits than before—
 Oh! how merrily the rested traveller
 Sings while sitting at the goatherd's door.

OH! COME WITH ME.

SUNG BY MR. SINCLAIR.

OH! come with me, I'll row thee o'er
 Yon blue and peaceful sea;
 And while I gently ply the oar,
 Renew my vows to thee:
 I'll bid thee gaze beneath thee,
 On each reflected star;
 Then think my soul reflects thee
 As true, but brighter far.
 Then come with me, &c.

O! could I count the stars above
 The wild waves' ceaseless swell,
 My deep, my pure, my boundless love
 To thee I could not tell.
 As soon the stars may cease to rise,
 The waves forget to flow,
 Ere my fond heart forget its sighs,
 And cease to love thee—no!
 Then come with me, &c.

DULCE DOMUM.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

DEEP in a vale a cottage stood,
 Oft sought by travellers weary,
 And long it proved the blest abode
 Of Edward and of Mary.
 For her he chased the mountain goat,
 O'er Alps and glaciers bounding;
 For her the chamois he would shoot,
 Dark horrors all surrounding.
 But ev'ning come,
 He sought his home,
 And anxious lovely woman,
 She hail'd the sight,
 And ev'ry night
 The cottage rung,
 As thus they sung:
 Oh! dulce, dulce domum.

But soon, alas! this scene of bliss
 Was changed to prospects dreary;
 For war and honor roused each Swiss,
 And Edward left his Mary.
 To bold St. Gothard's height he rush'd,
 'Gainst Gallia's foes contending;
 And, by unequal numbers crush'd,
 He died his land defending.
 The ev'ning come,
 He sought not home,
 Whilst she, distracted woman,
 Grown wild with dread,
 Now seeks him dead;
 And hears the knell
 That bids farewell
 To dulce, dulce domum.

CARRIER PIGEON.

SET TO MUSIC.

COME hither, thou beautiful rover,
 Thou wanderer of earth and of air ;
 Who bearest the sighs of the lover,
 And bringest him news of his fair :
 Bend hither thy light waving pinion,
 And show me the gloss of thy neck ;
 Perch on my hand, dearest minion,
 And turn up thy bright eye and peck.

Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,
 And there is a sip of red wine ;
 Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
 'T will be fleetest, when nerv'd by the vine ;
 I have written on rose-scented paper,
 With thy wing-quill, a soft billet-doux,
 I have melted the wax in love's taper,
 'T is the color of true hearts, sky-blue.

I have fasten'd it under thy pinion,
 With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck ;
 So go from me, beautiful minion,
 While the pure ether shows not a speck.
 Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,
 Like an arrow he hurries away ;
 And farther and farther retreating,
 He is lost in the clear blue of day.

SONG IN PRAISE OF SPRING.

WRITTEN BY B. CORNWALL.

WHEN the wind blows
 In the sweet rose-tree,
 And the cow lows
 On the fragrant lea,
 And the stream flows
 All bright and free,
 'T is not for thee, 't is not for me ;
 'T is not for any *one* here, I trow :

The gentle wind bloweth,
 The happy cow loweth,
 The merry stream floweth,
 For all below !
*O the Spring ! the bountiful Spring !
 She shineth and smileth on every thing.*

Where come the sheep ?
 To the rich man's moor.
 Where cometh sleep ?
 To the bed that 's poor.
 Peasants must weep,
 And kings endure ;
 That is a fate that none can cure :
 Yet Spring doeth all she can, I trow :
 She brings the bright hours,
 She weaves the sweet flowers,
 She dresseth her bowers,
 For all below !—*O the Spring, &c.*

AULD LANG SYNE.

SCOTCH MELODY.

Oh years have flown since first we met,
 And sorrows have been mine !
 I've often thought with fond regret,
 On auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne my dear,
 For auld lang syne ;
 We 'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

I felt, when to thy bosom press'd,
 That greater joys were mine,
 Than e'er my youthful heart had known,
 In auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.

Though fortune points thy path of life,
 Far, far away from mine ;
 The hour may be when next we meet,
 An auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.

Then fare-thee-well, if thou art bless'd,
 Thy friend will not repine ;
 But sometime give a kindly thought,
 To auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.

MERRILY DANCE ROUND THE MISSELTOE.

ME hither! come hither! the silver light
 the moon shines cheerfully down to-night.
 ne hither! for this is the season of glee,
 us merrily dance round the misseltoe tree.

! welcome, thou plant of the sacred grove;
 ou innocent pledge of Druidical love!
 are not how distant the nymph may be,
 I have but a branch of the misseltoe tree.

e misseltoe tree has been hallowed before;
 it thrice sacred now for the girl we adore;
 en sanctioned, this pearl-berried plant of the grove,
 ll yield us the first virgin kiss of her love.

ne hither! then, come! while the moon shines bright;
 e heavens themselves beam out joy to-night.
 ne hither! for this is the season of glee;
 : us merrily dance round the misseltoe tree.

THE INVINCIBLES.

A POPULAR SONG.

WHEN the merry fife and drum,
 And the bugles loudly play,
 Then gaily march to the martial sounds,
 The Invincibles so gay;
 Each lass upon parade,
 With cap and smart cockade,
 To the men will show, that well she knows
 The gallant soldier's trade.
 Our corp'ral leads us on,
 And in quick time we move,
 With arms in hand, a valiant band,
 Our truth and love to prove.
 Then ladies join our ranks,
 Our banners proudly wave,
 Invincibles in love and war,
Come join the gay and brave.

Invincibles are we,
 With heart and arms combin'd,
 And no attention find will he
 Who is not to our mind;
 We never present arms
 To the purseproud awkward lout,
 For soon is the word from our corp'ral heard
 To face to the right about;
 But to the youths who please,
 We quickly stand at ease,
 Resign our arms, quit war's alarms,
 To dwell in love and peace.
 Then ladies, &c.

BLUE EYED MARY.

FAVORITE AIR.

Come, tell me, blue-eyed stranger,
 Say, whither dost thou roam?
 O'er this wide world a ranger,
 Hast thou no friends or home?

'They called me blue-eyed Mary,
 When friends and fortunes smiled;
 But ah! how fortunes vary,
 I now am sorrow's child.'

Come here, I'll buy thy flowers,
 And ease thy hapless lot,
 Still wet with vernal showers,
 I'll buy, forget me not.

'Kind sir, then take these posies,
 They're fading like my youth,
 But never, like these roses,
 Shall wither Mary's truth.'

Look up, thou poor forsaken,
 I'll give thee house and home,
 And if I'm not mistaken,
 Thou'lt never wish to roam.

'Once more I'm happy Mary,
 Once more has fortune smiled;
 Who ne'er from virtue vary,
 May yet be fortune's child.'

THE BASHFUL MAN.

WORDS BY W. H. FREEMAN.

Air—‘Good old days of Adam.’

KIND gentlefolks, I come before you,
To tell a very funny story ;
And hope to find instead of laughter,
You ’ll sympathise in my disaster.
By bashfulness I so perplex’d am,
And every day by blushes vex’d am,
That I no longer can endure it,
Yet daily strive in vain to cure it ;
For be bold, O dear, I never can,
So I pray you pity a bashful man.

[MEN.] A few days ago, I went to a public dinner, I did,—
just before we were seated, I overturned an inkstand ; and
went it from being seen, immediately wiped it up with my
pocket handkerchief. But being asked at dinner for some
soup, in handing it across the table, I shook so violently,
—I let the whole contents of the tureen fall into a lady’s
lap, endeavoring to repair which mischief, I fell over my
head and to save myself, catching hold of the table-cloth, drew
everything after me, depositing dishes, decanters, butter-boats,
teens, into the laps of belles and beaux. Almost scalded to
myself, I scrambled up, and in my phrenzy tore out my
pocket handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from my face ;
being completely soaked with ink, gave rather the appear-
ance of a demon than a man to my countenance. So that in spite
of this disaster, the company burst into one continued peal of
laughter ; so I rushed from the room in an agony of the greatest
embarrassment, exclaiming—
Be bold, &c.

Then I ’m observed where’er I ’m going,
And each one would my name be knowing ;
‘La ! there ’s a modest looking creature,
With bashfulness in every feature ;
They call my face a lump of coal ;
And say I ’m stiff as the kitchen poker ;
And when, O dear, a lady calls me,
I shake as if I ’d got the palsy.

For be bold, &c.

[MEN.] A few evenings ago, I went to a public ball, I did—
and the misfortune to tread on the tail of a lady’s gown, which
completely from top to bottom ; and whilst, with a most

the bow, endeavoring to beg her pardon, my foot slipped, and down I fell on my nose. Well, in rising to retire to my own seat, I went and placed myself on the knee of a lady, whose husband immediately advanced and very politely roused me from my reverie, by a violent tweak of the nose. I began to stammer out an apology, but my tongue stuck fast to the roof of my mouth—and covered with blushes I stood the laughing stock of the whole room, just like a red cabbage with a wig stuck on, for—
Be bold, &c.

Whene'er by chance I walk the street, oh,
I'm sure to blush at all I meet, oh!
And if I try to keep it under,
I'm sure to make some cursed blunder:
And people when of me they talk,
Call me a walking-stick of red chalk;
In short, what with despair and sadness,
I soon shall rave with bashful-madness.

For be bold, &c.

SPOKEN.] T' other day I took it into my head to get married, but when I got into the church, O dear, I was so bashful, that when the parson ask'd me if I'd have the lady for my wife—I—I—I answered, 'just as you please, sir.' The lady in great anger refused me, and left the church. So now I'm called the 'Bashful Bachelor.' But I soon mean to try, and—there now, that lady will look at me; I declare it melts all my courage—so I'd better be going—singing,
Be bold, &c.

THE DEEP, DEEP SEA.

SUNG BY MR. HORN.

Oh! come with me, my love,
And our fairy home shall be
Where the water spirits rove,
In the deep, deep sea!
There are jewels rich and rare,
In the caverns of the deep;
And to braid thy raven hair,
Where the pearl treasures sleep.
In a tiny man of war,
Thou shalt stem the ocean wide;
Or in a crystal car,
Like a queen in all her pride.
Oh, come with me, &c.

Ah! believe that love may dwell,
 Where the coral branches twine;
 And that every wreath'd shell
 Breathes a tune so soft as thine.
 Hope, as fond as thou would prove,
 Truth as bright as e'er was told;
 Hearts as warm as those above,
 Dwell under the waters cold.
 Oh, come with me, &c.

BID ME DISCOURSE.

MUSIC BY H. R. BISHOP.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
 Or like a fairy trip upon the green,
 Or like a nymph with bright and flowing hair,
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.

THE CHOUGH AND CROW.

A CELEBRATED GIPSY GLEE.

THE chough and crow to roost are gone,
 The owl sits on the tree,
 The hushed wind wails, with feeble moan,
 Like infant charity.
 The wild fire dances on the fen,
 The red star sheds its ray,
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
 It is our op'ning day.

Chorus.

Uprouse ye, then, my merry men, &c.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
 And closed is ev'ry flower,
 And winking tapers faintly peep
 High from my lady's bower;
 Bewildered hinds, with shortened ken,
 Shrink on their murky way;
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
 It is our op'ning day.
 Uprouse ye, then, &c.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
 Nor roof, nor latched door,
 Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
 To bless a good man's store ;
 Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
 And night is grown our day,
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
 And use it as ye may.
 Uprouse ye, then, &c.

MY EARLY LOVE.

My early love ! I'll think on thee,
 When evening seeks its crimson throne,
 Sweet hour ! which gentle memory
 Delights to consecrate her own ;
 Ah ! then thy cherish'd image clings
 To all I meet, or hear, or see,
 And twilight's breeze, like music, brings
 Thy voice of gladness back to me.

Friendship's young bloom may pass away,
 As dreams depart the sleeper's mind ;
 The hopes of life's maturer day
 May fade, and leave no trace behind ;
 But early love can never die,
 That fairest bud of spring's bright years,
 'T will still look green in memory,
 When time all other feeling sears.

ALL'S WELL.

A POPULAR DUET.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
 On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
 The sentry walks his lonely round :
 And should a footstep haply stray
 Where caution marks the guarded way—
 Who goes there ? stranger, quickly tell ;
 A friend !—a friend !—good night !—all's well.

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
 While weary messmates soundly sleep,
 The careful watch patrols the deck,
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck :

And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some well known voice salutes his ear—
What cheer! oh! brother, quickly tell,
Above!—below!—good night!—all's well.

DESERTED BY DECLINING DAY.

Air—'All's well.'

DESERTED by declining day,
When weary wights benighted stray
From bush or cavern we appear,
And scare the traveller's frightened ear,
With—stand or die—good night—all's well.

Or riding home from fair or feast,
Some farmer plodding o'er his beast;
His wit o'ertopp'd by humming ale,
While thus the joskins we assail:
Down every stiver quickly tell,
Your watch, your purse—good night—all's well.

THE WILD GUITAR.

Air—'Gramachree.'

OH, wilt thou leave thy father's halls,
To wander forth with me?
And quit those long lov'd cherish'd walls,
When thou art blest and free!
To seek awhile the quiet stream,
Reflecting ev'ry star;
And listen, as in fancy's dream,
Unto my wild guitar.

I cannot boast of wealth or power,
That dwells from love apart;
But if thou 'lt share my simple bower,
I'll give thee all my heart.
And when the shades of eve appear,
I'll rove beneath a star;
And sing the song thou lov'st to hear,
Unto my wild guitar.

OH ! THINK NOT I AM FALSE.

WRITTEN BY J. G. KING.

Air—'O say not, &c.'

OH ! think not I am false as air,
 Which perhaps a moment changes ;
 Oh ! think not I love dark or fair,
 Just as my fancy ranges.
 For the love which in my bosom glows,
 I swear can wander never ;
 Within mine heart thy image grows,
 And there shall grow forever.

Oh ! think not I am idly caught,
 By ev'ry passing beauty ;
 Oh ! think not I can e'er be taught,
 To swerve, love, from my duty.
 Thy beauteous smiles have won my heart,
 I adore thee, though we sever ;
 I swear, dear girl, although apart,
 That I will love thee ever.

WATCHMAN.

WORDS BY T. MOORE.—MUSIC BY T. W. H. B. B.

Good night, good night, my dearest,
 How fast the moments fly ;
 'Tis time to part, thou hearest
 That hateful watchman's cry,
 'Past twelve o'clock !'—good night !

Yet stay a moment longer—
 Alas ! why is it so ?—
 The wish to stay grows stronger,
 The more 'tis time to go.
 'Past one o'clock !'—good night !

Now wrap thy cloak about thee :—
 The hours must sure go wrong,
 For when they 're past without thee,
 They 're, oh ! ten times as long.
 'Past two o'clock !'—good night !

Again that dreadful warning !
 Had ever time such flight ?

And see the sky,—'t is morning—
 So now, indeed, good night!
 'Past three o'clock!'—good night.

GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

WORDS BY T. MOORE.—MUSIC BY H. R. BISHOP.

GAILY sounds the castanet,
 Beating time to bounding feet,
 When, after daylight's golden set,
 Maids and youths by moonlight meet.

Oh! then, how sweet to move
 Through all that maze of mirth,
 Lighted by those eyes we love
 Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then the joyous banquet spread
 On the cool and fragrant ground,
 With night's bright eye-beams o'er head;
 And still brighter sparkling round.

Oh! then, how sweet to say
 Into the lov'd one's ear,
 Thoughts reserv'd through many a day,
 To be thus whisper'd there.

When the dance and feast are done,
 Arm in arm as home we stray,
 How sweet to see the dawning sun
 O'er her cheek's warm blushes play.

Then, then the farewell kiss,
 And words whose parting tone
 Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
 That haunt young hearts alone.

THE MULETEER.

WORDS BY REDFORD CLISBY.

Air—'A Troubadour from distant land.'

THE Muleteer at break of day,
 Over the mountain bends his way,
 And as he drives his mules along,
 He sings some merry mountain song,

'A mountain life 's the life for me,
 We see no danger, know no fear:
 Then tell me, lads, who would not be
 A merry merry Muleteer.'

And when the toil of day is o'er,
 As homeward he returns once more,
 He views the sun's last parting ray,
 And sings his merry mountain lay.
 A mountain life, &c.

When his lov'd cottage meets his eye,
 His thankful prayer ascends on high,
 'Long the known path he winds his way,
 And sings once more his merry lay.
 A mountain life, &c.

NOW TO THE LISTS.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON.

Now to the lists, brave knights away,
 The sun is brightly beaming,
 Our men at arms aloft display
 Our banners red and streaming;
 Our crests upon each gonfalon
 Soar proudly high and waving,
 As though the vict'ry now were won,
 By courtly deeds and braving.
 March to the lists, brave knights away,
 The trump is shrilly sounding,
 The heralds call the gay tourney,
 Our restless barbs are bounding.

Mount on our gallant barbs away,
 While round our hauberks twining,
 Our ladies' scarfs and colors gay
 Play in the sunbeams shining.
 With trusty lance and brands away,
 In ladies' love confiding;
 To tilt and play in the courtly fray,
 'Neath bright eyes proudly rising.
 March to the lists, &c.

ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

MUSIC BY KIALLMARK

AREWELL, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter !
 (Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea :)
 O pearl ever lay under Oman's green water,
 More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.
 Round thee shall glisten the loveliest amber,
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ;
 With many a shell, in whose hollow wreath'd chamber,
 The Peris of ocean by moonlight have slept.

Or shall Iran (beloved of her hero) forget thee,—
 Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start
 Ose, close by the side of that hero she 'll set thee,
 Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.
 Around thee, &c.

IS THERE A HEART.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

Is there a heart that never loved,
 Or felt soft woman's sigh ?
 Is there a man can mark unmov'd,
 Dear woman's tearful eye ?
 Oh ! bear him to some distant shore
 Or solitary cell,
 Where nought but savage monsters roar,
 Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there 's a charm in woman's eye,
 A language in her tear ;
 A spell in every sacred sigh,
 To man, to virtue dear ;
 And he who can resist her smiles,
 With brutes alone should live,
 Nor taste that joy which care beguiles,
 That joy her virtues give.

MERMAID SONG.

COMPOSED BY MARTINI.—ARRANGED BY H. R. BISHOP.

FOLLOW, follow through the sea,
 To the mermaid's melody :
 Safely, freely shalt thou range,
 Through things dreadful, quaint, and strange,
 And through liquid walls behold
 Wonders that may not be told,
 Treasures too for ages lost,
 Gems surpassing human cost,
 Fearless, follow, follow me,
 Through the treasures of the sea.

FAULTS OF THE FAIR.

THE faults of the fair sex are trifling and few,
 And of these will I make no selection ;
 All, all are so gentle, so good, and so true,
 They deserve man's best gift—his affection.

Alone here without them, deserted indeed
 Should we feel, and be lost in dejection ;
 As the sun to the earth, so to man is decreed,
 To be blest with dear woman's affection.

O ! give me but this, not a wish have I left,
 Unfulfill'd not a painful reflection ;
 'T is my pray'r, that in this world I ne'er be bereft
 Of that blessing—dear woman's affection.

THE POET'S LAST SONG.

WRITTEN BY I. C. T.

'THE muse of song has long forsaken,
 This breast by sorrow worn,
 Her flight to happier bosoms taken,
 That know not yet to mourn.
 Yet haply, there may linger still,
 Faint traces of her earlier skill !
 For thee, for thee, Maria !

‘Thou’rt young ! oh ! would that youth unfading,
 Might aye beam from thine eye,
 Nor years, with care, thy bright brow shading,
 Teach thee what ’t is to sigh :
 Alas ! I feel the fond hope vain,
 And check the too delusive strain,
 For thee, for thee, Maria !

But why, the songster’s art mistaking,
 Who loves with joy to dwell,
 Touch I upon a theme awaking
 The thoughts I would dispel ?
 Nay cease, nay cease, thou gloomy pen !
 Grief shall not taint its strains again,
 For thee, for thee, Maria !

‘In vain I try, no chord responding,
 Will yield a voice of mirth,
 And I resign all hope, desponding,
 To those of kindlier birth.
 Yet there are lighter breasts, that will
 Pour forth the song with happier skill,
 For thee, for thee, Maria !

BOYS OF SWITZERLAND.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

OUR cot was shelter’d by a wood,
 And near a lake’s green margin stood ;
 A mountain bleak behind us frown’d,
 Whose top the snow in summer crown’d.
 But pastures rich and warm to boot,
 Lay smiling at the mountain’s foot ;
 There first we frolick’d hand in hand,
 Two infant boys of Switzerland.

When scarcely old enough to know
 The meaning of a tale of woe
 ’T was then by mother we were told
 That father in his grave lay cold ;
 That livelihoods were hard to get,
 And we too young to labor yet ;
 And tears within her eyes would stand,
 For her two boys of Switzerland.

But soon for mother, as we grew,
 We work'd as much as boys could do ;
 Our daily gains to her we bore :—
 But ah ! she 'll ne'er receive them more.
 For long we watch'd beside her bed,
 Then sobb'd to see her lie there dead :
 And now we wander hand in hand,
 Two orphan boys of Switzerland.

HOURS THERE WERE.

ARRANGED BY JOS. WADE.

Hours there were to mem'ry dearer
 Than the sunbright scenes of day ;
 Friends were fonder, joys were nearer,
 But, alas ! they 've fled away !
 Oh ! 't was when the moonlight playing
 On the valley's silent grove,
 Told the blissful hour for straying,
 With my fond, my faithful love.

Oft when evening faded mildly,
 O'er the wave our bark would rove,
 Then we 've heard the night bird wildly
 Breathe his vesper tale of love.
 Songs like these my love would sing me,
 Songs that warble round me yet :
 Ah ! but where does mem'ry lead me—
 Scenes like these I must forget !

But in dreams let love be near me,
 With the joys that bloom'd before,
 Slumbering, then 't will sweetly cheer me—
 Calm to live my pleasures o'er.
 Then, perhaps, some hopes may waken
 In this heart depress'd with care,
 And like flowers, in vale forsaken,
 Live in lonely beauty there.

THE MINSTREL PAGE.

A PAGE was seen in a lady's bower,
 Disguised as a minstrel there,
 And he sung of the deeds of a warrior bold,
 And the praise of his lady fair.

And he told how the Knight in the battle died,
Far away from his native shore,
When his bride had crossed the ocean wave,
And never was heard of more.

Then a tear bedew'd the lady's eye,
'Ah minstrel fair,' she said,
'Why then was I saved from the fearful wave,
To learn that my love was dead.'

A moment the minstrel gazed on the fair,
And a moment he sped from her sight,
But before she could dry the falling tear,
He returned with her own true knight.

THE WORLD'S DECEIT.

WORDS BY A. BROOKE.

said the joys which childhood knows, no future age can bring,
Every path is strewn with flow'rs, when life is in its spring:
Fondly men regret the days, they ne'er again shall see—
I can scarce regret their loss, they never bloomed for me!

In youth the flattering spell receives, of love from woman's heart,
Annot, will not, think how soon, those rainbow dreams depart.
Indeed a fairer show, that steals away the mind—
Oh! to lift the veil and see, the hollowness behind!

And the sons of wealth and pow'r, some glittering phantoms play:
These the friends to soothe in age—to cherish in decay?
When the star of fortune sets, their faithless hearts recoil,
Leave the wretch, alone to weep, or revel in his spoil!

Man must still repose upon, some visionary stay,
Wine his spirit round a shade,—and feel it shrink away:
When, from every earthly joy, the fainting soul is riven,
Mercy spare the thread, on which he hangs his hopes of heaven.

WHEN LIFE LOOKS LONE AND DREARY.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

WHEN life looks lone and dreary,
What light can dispel the gloom?
When time's swift wing grows weary,
What charm can refresh his plume?

'Tis woman, whose sweetness beameth
 O'er all that we feel or see ;
 And if man of heav'n e'er dreameth,
 'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,
 Oh, woman !

Let conquerors fight for glory,—
 Too dearly the meed they gain ;
 Let patriots live in story,
 Too often they die in vain.
 Give kingdoms to those who choose 'em,
 This world can offer to me
 No throne like beauty's bosom,
 No freedom like serving thee,
 Oh, woman !

THE LAST BUGLE.

WORDS BY H. CUMMINGS.—MUSIC BY T. PHILLIPS.

HARK ! the muffled drum sounds the last march of the brave,
 The soldier retreats to his quarters, the grave,
 Under Death, whom he owns his commander in chief :
 No more he 'll turn out with the ready relief.
 But in spite of Death's terrors or hostile alarms,
 When he hears the last bugle,
 When he hears the last bugle, he 'll stand to his arms.

Farewell, brother soldiers, in peace may ye rest,
 And light lie the turf on each veteran breast,
 Until that review when the souls of the brave
 Shall behold the Chief Ensign, fair Mercy's flag, wave ;
 Then, freed from death's terrors and hostile alarms,
 When we hear the last bugle,
 When we hear the last bugle, we 'll stand to our arms.

L I F E.

WRITTEN BY BARRY CORNWALL.

WE are born ; we laugh ; we weep ;
 We love ; we droop ; we die !
 Ah ! wherefore do we laugh, or weep ?
 Why do we live, or die ?
 Who knows that secret deep ?
 Alas, not I !

Why doth the violet spring
 Unseen by human eye?
 Why do the radiant seasons bring
 Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
 Why do our fond hearts cling
 To things that die?

We toil,—through pain and wrong;
 We fight,—and fly;
 We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
 Stone-dead we lie.
 O Life! is *all* thy song
 'Endure and—die?'

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

THE mountain maid from her bower has hied,
 And sped to the glassy river's side,
 Where the radiant moon shone clear and bright,
 And the willows wav'd in the silver light.
 On a mossy bank lay a shepherd swain,
 He woke his pipe to a tuneful strain,
 And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,
 That he charm'd the ear of the Mountain Maid.

She stopp'd, with timid fear oppress'd,
 While a soft sigh, swells her gentle breast,
 He caught her glance, and mark'd her sigh,
 And triumph laugh'd in his sparkling eye.
 So softly sweet was his tuneful ditty,
 He charm'd her tender soul to pity,
 And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,
 That he gain'd the heart of the Mountain Maid.

GOLDEN TRESSED ADELAIDE.

WRITTEN BY D. CORNWALL.—MUSIC BY THE CHEV. NEUKOMM.

SING, I pray, a little song,
 Mother dear!
 Neither sad nor very long:
 It is for a little maid,
 Golden-tressed Adelaide!
 Therefore let it suit a merry merry ear,
 Mother dear!

Let it be a merry strain,
 Mother dear !
 Shunning e'en the thought of pain :
 For our gentle child will weep,
 If the theme be dark and deep ;
 And *We* will not draw a single single tear,
 Mother dear !

Childhood should be all divine,
 Mother dear !
 And like an endless summer shine ;
 Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,
 Bright as Agnes' azure eyes :
 Therefore, bid thy song be merry :—dost thou hear,
 Mother dear ?

FAR, FAR O'ER HILL AND DELL.

MUSIC BY BENJAMIN CARR, ESQ.

FAR, far o'er hill and dell
 On the winds stealing,
 List to the convent bell,
 Mournfully pealing ;
 Hark ! hark ! it seems to say,
 ' As melt these sounds away,
 So life's best joys decay,
 Whilst new their feeling.'
 Far, far, &c.

Now through the charmed air
 Slowly ascending,
 List to the chanted prayer,
 Solemnly blending ;
 Hark ! hark ! it seems to say,
 ' Turn from such joys away,
 To those which ne'er decay,
 Though life is ending.'
 Far, far, &c.

O'er the fallen warrior's tomb,
 Holy monks are bending ;
 From the solemn cloister's gloom
 Hear the dirge ascending ;

Hark ! hark ! it seems to say,
 ' How vain is glory's way,
 Life's joys and empire's sway,
 In the dark grave ending.
 Far, far, &c.

So when our mortal ties,
 Death shall dissever,
 Lord, may we reach the skies,
 Where care comes never ;
 And in eternal day,
 Joining the angels' lay,
 To our Creator pay
 Homage forever.
 Alleluia, Amen.

FLOW ON THOU SHINING RIVER.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

Flow on, thou shining river,
 But ere thou reach the sea,
 Seek Ella's bower, and give her
 The wreaths I fling o'er thee ;
 And tell her thus, if she 'll be mine,
 The current of our lives shall be,
 With joys along their course to shine,
 Like those sweet flowers on thee,

But if, in wand'ring thither,
 Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r,
 Then leave those wreaths to wither
 Upon the cold bank there ;
 And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
 Her lone and lovely charms shall be
 Thrown upon life's weedy shore,
 Like those sweet flowers from thee.

HOME.

A Duet.—WRITTEN BY B. CORNWALL.

Dost thou love wandering ? Whither wouldst thou go ?
 Dream'st thou, sweet daughter, of a land more fair ?
 Dost thou not love these aye-blue streams that flow ?
 These spicy forests ? and this golden air ?

- She.* O, yes, I love the woods, and streams, so gay;
 And, more than all, O father, I love *thee*;
 Yet would I fain be wandering—far away,
 Where such things never were, nor e'er shall be.
- He.* Speak, mine own daughter with the sunbright locks!
 To ~~what~~ pale banished region wouldst thou roam?
- She.* O father, let us find our frozen rocks!
 Let's seek that country of all countries,— Home!
- He.* Seest thou these orange flowers? this palm, that rears
 Its head up tow'rds Heaven's blue and cloudless dome
- She.* I dream, I dream: mine eyes are hid in tears:
 My heart is wandering round our ancient home.
- He.* Why, then, we'll go. Farewell, ye tender skies,
 Who sheltered us, when we were forced to roam!
- She.* On, on! Let's pass the swallow as he flies!
 Farewell, kind land! Now, father, *now*,—for Home!

ROY'S WIFE.

SCOTTISH AIR.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,
 She said that she lo'ed me best of ony;
 But oh the fickle, faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carl and left her Johnny.
 Roy's wife, &c.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
 O she was a canty quean,
 And weel could dance the Highland walloch,
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
 Roy's wife, &c.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou', sae sweet and bonny,
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Tho' she 's forever left her Johnny.
 Roy's wife, &c.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
 But Roy's age is three times mine,
 I think his days will nae be mony,
 And when the carl's dead and gane,
 She'll, may be, rue and tak' her Johnny.
 Roy's wife, &c.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

WORDS BY BEN. JONSON.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from my soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It would not wither'd be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent it back to me:
 Since then it grows, and looks, and smells,
 Not of itself, but thee.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

FAVORITE MELODY.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming,
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier wi' its saft faulding blossom,
 And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green,
 Yet sweeter an' fairer an' dear to my bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane,
 Is lovely young Jessie, is lovely young Jessie,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, an' blythe as she's bonny,
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain,
 An' far be the villain divested o' feeling,
 Wha'd blight in its blossom the sweet flow'r o' Dumb
 Sing on, thou sweet Mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen,
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days, till I met wi' my Jessie,
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain,
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
 Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane
 Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
 An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

SANDY AND JENNIE.

WORDS BY BURNS.—SCOTCH MELODY.

Come, come, bonnie Lassie, cried Sandy, awa',
 Whilst mither is spinning, and father's afa';
 The folks are at work, and the bairns are at play,
 And we will be married, dear Jenny, to-day.

Stay, stay, bonnie Laddie, then cried I with speed,
 I wo'na, I ma'na, go with you indeed;
 Besides should I do so, what would the folks say,
 So we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.

List, list, bonny Lassie, and mind what you do,
 For Peggy and Patty I give up for you;
 Besides, a full twelvemonth we've trifled away,
 And one or the other I'll marry to-day.

Fie, fie, bonny Laddie, then cried I again,
 For Peggy you kiss'd t' other day on the plain
 Besides a new ribbon does Patty display,
 And we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.

O, then, a good-bye, bonnie Lassie, cried he,
For Peggy and Patty are waiting for me ;
The kirk is hard by, and the bell calls away,
And Peggy or Patty I 'll marry to-day.

Stay, stay, bonnie Laddie, cried I with a smile,
For know I was jesting, indeed, all the while ;
Let Peggy go spin, and send Patty away,
And we will be married, dear Sandy, to-day.

OH ! THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

OH ! Thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown ;
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too !
Oh ! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above !
Then, sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day !

TO THE SETTING MOON.

Air—' Fly not yet.'

FLY not yet thou radiant Moon,
Nor sink on Thetis' lap so soon ;
Those rays that light those western skies
Still conjure up the magic ties
Of love's endearing chain.

Ties that defy e'en hoary time,
 Or change of scene, or change of clime,
 While round this heart, with truth still glowing,
 Nature's purple tide is flowing;

Oh! stay—Oh! stay—

Nor let the web thy beams have wove
 In memory's loom for her I love,
 So soon be rent in twain.

Thy silver orb recalls the hour,
 When, at her touch, soft music's power
 Through every sense transported stole,
 And o'er her song my captive soul

In silent wonder hung:

For such th' enchantment of her strain,
 That bliss itself thrilled high with pain;
 But, as I fled those maddening pleasures,
 Soft she sighed, in Lydian measures,

Oh! stay—Oh! stay—

The hours that glide on rapid wing
 Such dear delights so seldom bring;
 Then fly not yet so soon!

'Fly not yet'—What spell divine
 Breathes o'er the cadence of that line,
 When trembling on her angel tongue,
 In dulcet notes, like those which sung
 Creation's dawning day!

E'en here, amid the holier balm
 Or Grecian skies in midnight calm,
 While mortal sounds are sunk in slumbers,
 Her sigh still breathes those melting numbers—

Oh! stay—Oh! stay—

And thus, sweet Moon, thy setting light
 Prolongs the dream that hangs to-night
 On that remembered lay.

SING, MAIDEN, SING.

COMPOSED BY B. CORNWALL.

SING, Maiden, sing!
 Mouths were made for singing;
 Listen,—Songs thou 'lt hear
 Through the wide world ringing;
 Songs from all the birds,
 Songs from winds and showers,
 Songs from seas and streams,
 Even from sweet flowers.

Hearest thou the rain,
 How it gently falleth?
 Hearest thou the bird,
 Who from forest calleth?
 Hearest thou the bee
 O'er the sunflower ringing?
 Tell us, Maiden, *now*—
 Shouldst thou not be singing?

Hearest thou the breeze
 Round the rose-bud sighing?
 And the small sweet rose
 Love to love replying?
 So shouldst *thou* reply,
 To the prayer we're bringing:
 So that bud, thy mouth,
 Should burst forth in singing!

COME LET US GO TO THE LAND.

WORDS BY B. CORNWALL.—MUSIC BY SIGNOR VERINI.

COME,—let us go to the land
 Where the violets grow!
 Let's go thither, hand in hand,
 Over the waters, over the snow,
 To the land where the sweet sweet violets blow!

There,—in the beautiful South,
 Where the sweet flowers lie,
 Thou shalt sing, with thy sweeter mouth,
 Under the light of the evening sky,
 That Love never fades, though violets die!

THE FAIRIES' SONG.

A *Trio*.—ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

WITHIN this shelter'd mossy dell,
 From mortal ken, we fairies dwell,
 When the garish eye of day
 Beams abroad its golden ray.

Light dancing on the daisied ground,
 Our wanton rings we trace around,
 When the moon, with paly light,
 Gems the modest brow of night.

Around the mushroom's tawny breast,
 'T is there we hold our elfin feast ;
 Honey'd stores of saffron hue,
 Acorn cups of nectar'd dew.

O sweetly thus our moments fly,
 Till soon the rosy dawn we spy ;
 Then to taste the balmy sleep
 In purple bells we softly creep.

ANGLER'S DUET.

WORDS BY MISS SCOTT.—MUSIC BY J. SANDERSON.

ANXIOUS by the gliding stream,
 See the steady anglers watch ;
 Trying ev'ry wily scheme,
 The heedless finny tribe to catch.

Hush ! hush !

Not a breath.

I've a nibble !

Still as death.

Strike ! strike !

Now take heed.

Play it, play it.

Pshaw ! 't is a weed.

'Zounds ! 't is a weed.

Still with patience, on the shore,
 They clear the line, and try once more,
 And thus they toil from morn till night,
 But then they get—

Get what?

A bite.

O ! the joys of angling ; O ! the joys of angling.

Now the drizzling rains descend,
 Now the shelt'ring tree they court,
 Still their watchful looks they bend ;
 Rain and clouds ensure them sport.

Hush ! hush !

There's a bite !

We shall have rare sport to night :
 How it tugs !

It's a pike,

Play him, play him.

He weakens.

Strike !

But ere they get it to the shore,
He snaps the line, they 're balk'd once more;
Then home they go, the tale is told,
That they have caught—

Caught what?

A cold!

O! the joys of angling; O! the joys of angling.

THOMAS DAY.

A Round.

Look, neighbors, look, here lies poor Thomas Day, dead, a
turned to clay!

Does he? sure! what young Thomas? what old Thomas? w!
old Thomas? lack, lack, a-day!

Poor soul!—no, no!—ay, ay!—ay, ay, ay!

CHAIRS TO MEND.

A Round.

1. CHAIRS to mend! old chairs to mend!
Rush or cane bottom, old chairs to mend!
2. New mackerel! new mackerel!
Old rags! any old rags!
3. Take money for your old rags!
Any hare skins, or rabbit skins!

THE INDIAN DRUM.

A Round.—WORDS BY PLANCHE.—MUSIC BY H. E. BISHOP.

- YES, 'tis the Indian drum,—
The woods and rocks around
Echo the wild and warlike sound,
They come! they come! they come!

HERE IN COOL GROT.

A Glee.—WORDS BY SHENSTONE.—MUSIC BY LORD MORNINGTON.

HERE, in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell;
Though rarely seen by mortal eye,

When the pale moon ascending high,
 Darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring beams,
 We frisk it near these crystal streams;
 Her beams reflected from the wave
 Afford the light our revels crave;
 The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,
 Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
 Nor yet for artful strains we call;
 But listen to the waterfall.

SONG OVER A CHILD.

WORDS BY B. CORNWALL.

DREAM, Baby, dream!
 The stars are glowing.
 Hearst thou the stream?
 'T is softly flowing.
 All gently glide the Hours:
 Above, no tempest lowers:
 Below, are fragrant flowers
 In silence growing.
 Sleep, Baby, sleep,
 'Till dawn to-morrow!
 Why shouldst thou weep,
 Who knowst not sorrow?
 Too soon come pains and fears:
 Too soon a cause for tears:
 So, from thy future years
 No sadness borrow!

Dream, Baby, dream!
 Thine eyelids quiver.
 Knowst thou the theme
 Of yon soft river?
 It saith 'Be calm, Be sure,
 Unfailing, gentle, pure;
 So shall thy life endure,
 Like mine, forever!'

KISSING INDUCEMENTS.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

THE clouds that rest on the mountain's breast,
 Are kissed by the viewless air;
 And the western breeze kisses the trees,
 And woos the flowerets fair.

And the weeping willows are kissed by the
 And the day-star kisses the sea—
 Then why not dearest, loveliest, fairest
 Give a kiss to me.

And the bright moon-beam kisses the stream,
 The hill and the peaceful vale ;
 And the shady bower, at even's hour,
 Is woo'd by the nightingale.
 And the lily and rose, and each flower that blows,
 Are kissed by the forest bee—
 Then why not dearest, loveliest, fairest
 Give a kiss to me.

OH ! THAT KISS.

ON Baltic billows rode my ship,
 The boatswain loud was calling !
 On mine Cornelia press'd her lip,
 And said, while tears were falling,
 In foreign climes, O ! think on this !
 Your heart let naught deprave it ;
 But bring me back my parting kiss,
 As pure as when I gave it.
 Oh ! that kiss, that sweet, sweet kiss !
 The kiss she gave at parting ;
 In pain and grief, still brought relief,
 And kept the tear from starting.

In breeze and battle, five long years,
 I did a seaman's duty ;
 When pleasure call'd, I clos'd my ears,
 And turn'd my eyes from beauty.
 The wanton's tale of boasted bliss
 I heard, but ne'er believed it,
 And back I've brought that parting kiss,
 As pure as I received it.
 Oh ! that kiss, &c.

FARE THEE WELL.

WORDS BY BYRON.—MUSIC BY SIR J. STEVENSON.

FARE thee well, and if forever,
 Still forever fare thee well !
 Even though unforgiving, never
 'Gainst thee can my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee,
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,
 While that placid sleep came o'er thee
 Which thou ne'er canst know again.

Would that breast, by thee glanc'd over,
 Every inmost thought might show,
 Then thou wouldst at length discover
 'T was not well to spurn it so.
 But 't is done, all words are idle,
 Words from me are vainer still;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way against the will.

Fare thee well, thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie,
 Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,
 More than this,—I scarce can die.

FARE THEE WELL.

A Parody.

FARE thee well, the meat is roasting,
 Which I must not eat nor baste;
 Ought the mouth that takes the most in
 Be the one denied to taste?

Never wight was so outwitted,
 Here's a job of journey-work,
 I who oft have turkeys spitted,
 Now am treated like a Turk.

Farewell chops so ful' of gravy,
 Chops that I no more must broil;
 Oh, it grieves my heart to leave ye,
 For another's chops to spoil.

Now adieu, ye dainty dishes,
 Fate, alas! hath dish'd poor I;
 Fare ye well, ye little fishes,
 I've other fish to fry.

THE SECRET OF SINGING.

BY B. CORNWALL.

LADY, sing no more !
 Science all is vain,
 Till the heart be touched, lady,
 And give forth its pain.

'T is a hidden lyre,
 Cherished near the sun,
 O'er whose witching wire, lady,
 Fairy fingers run.

Pity comes in tears,
 From her home above,
 Hope, and sometimes fears, lady,
 And the wizard,—Love !

Each doth search the heart,
 To its inmost springs,
 And when they depart, lady,
 Then the Spirit sings !

THE LANDING OF ROYAL CHARLIE.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

THERE 's news from Moidart cam' yestreen,
 Will soon gar mony farlie,
 For ships of war hae just come in,
 And landed Royal Charlie ;
 Come thro' the heather,
 Around him gither,
 Ye 're a' the welcomer early ;
 Come round him cling,
 Wi' a' yer kin,
 For wha 'll be king but Charlie ?
 Come thro' the heather,
 Around him gither,
 Come Ronald, come Donald,
 Come a' the gither,
 An' crown your rightful lawful king,
 For wha 'll be king but Charlie ?

The highland clans wi' sword in hand,
 Frae John o' Groats to Airly,
 Hae to a man declar'd to stand
 Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie?
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

There 's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
 But vows baith late an' early,
 To man she 'll ne'er gie heart or hand,
 Wha wadna fight for Charlie.
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

The lowlands a' baith great and sma',
 Wi' mony a lord an' laird hae,
 Declar'd for Scotia's king an' law,
 An' speir ye wha but Charlie.
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

Then here 's a health to Charlie's cause,
 An' be 't complete an' early,
 His very name our hearts' blood warms,
 To arm for Royal Charlie.
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

HEY THE BONNY BREAST KNOTS.

COMPOSED BY JOHN SINCLAIR.

HEY the bonnie, ho the bonnie,
 Hey the bonnie breast knots;
 Blithe and bonnie were they all
 When they put on the breast knots.
 There was a bridal in our town,
 For ilka lass there was a loon,
 Some wore black and some wore brown,
 But ilk ane had a breast knot.
 Hey the bonnie, &c.

A sonsie lass wi' raven hair,
 Cam' wi' a knot like lily fair;
 Gart mony hearts that hour feel sair,
 For ilk ane lo'e'd her breast knot.
 The bride a knot kept tae hersel!
 Its color she alone could tell,
 Wha' had the like wad bear the bell,
 And ha' a Jo, and a breast knot.
 Hey the bonnie, &c.

It was nae black, it was nae blue,
 It had nae sic unseemly hue ;
 But it was white, I tell you true,
 A braw bonnie breast knot.
 Ane had the knot that like to me,
 Inspired all hearts wi' mirth and glee ;
 Farewell ! kind friends and thanks to ye,
 That loe ~~sae~~ weel my breast knots.

Hey the bonnie, ho the bonnie,
 Hey the bonnie breast knots,
 Blithe and bonnie were they all
 When they put on the breast knots.

THE VIOLET.

WRITTEN BY B. CORNWALL.

I LOVE all things the seasons bring,
 All buds that start, all birds that sing,
 All leaves, from white to jet ;
 All the sweet words that Summer sends,
 When she recalls her flowery friends,
 But chief—the Violet !

I love, how *much* I love the rose,
 On whose soft lips the South-wind blows,
 In pretty amorous threat ;
 The lily paler than the moon,
 The odorous wondrous world of June,
 Yet more—the Violet !

She comes, the first, the fairest thing
 That heaven upon the earth doth fling,
 Ere Winter's star has set :
 She dwells behind her leafy screen,
 And gives, as Angels give, unseen,
 So, love—the Violet !

What modest thoughts the Violet teaches,
 What gracious boons the Violet preaches,
 Bright maiden, ne'er forget !
 But learn, and love, and so depart,
 And sing thou, with thy wiser heart,
 ' *Long live the Violet !* '

THE VOICE OF HER I LOVE.

How sweet at close of silent eve
 The harp's responsive sound;
 How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive,
 And deeds by virtue crown'd!
 How sweet to sit beneath a tree
 In some delightful grove;
 But oh! more soft, more sweet to me,
 The voice of her I love.

Whene'er she joins the village train
 To hail the new-born day,
 Mellifluous notes compose each strain
 Which zephyrs waft away.
 The frowns of fate I'll calmly bear,
 In humble sphere to move;
 Content and bless'd whene'er I hear
 The voice of her I love.

OH! SAW YE THE LASS.

SUNG BY MR. SINCLAIR.

O saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een?
 Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen,
 Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween;
 She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.
 The home of my love is below in the valley,
 Where wild flowers welcome the wandering bee;
 But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is seen,
 Is the maid that I love wi' the bonnie blue een.
 O saw ye the lass, &c.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,
 She'll steal out to meet her loved Donald again:
 And when the moon shines on the valley so green,
 I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.
 As the dove that has wandered away from his nest,
 Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,
 I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,
 To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.
 O saw ye the lass, &c.

PARENT'S LOVE.

WRITTEN BY B. CORNWALL.

YOUNG Love ! what have thy dreams above,
Thy hope, thy gladness, thy despair,
That with the *parent's* painful love
May dare compare ?

Thy hopes are like the misty cloud ;
Thy gladness like the shrinking stream ;
Thy loud despair all over-loud ;
Thy life—a dream !

But deeper than the unfathomed Main,
The parent's voiceless love e'er lies ;
And oh ! the dread, the *death*, the pain,
When all hope dies !

WILLIAM TELL.

WHEN William Tell was doom'd to die,
Or hit the mark upon his infant's head,
The bell toll'd out, the hour was nigh,
And soldiers march'd with grief and dread !
The warrior came, serene and mild,
Gaz'd all around with dauntless look,
Till his fond boy unconscious smil'd ;
Then nature and the father spoke.
And now, each valiant Swiss his grief partakes,
For they sigh,
And wildly cry,
Poor William Tell ! once hero of the lakes.

But soon is heard the muffled drum,
And straight the pointed arrow flies,
The trembling boy expects his doom,
All, all shriek out—' he dies ! he dies !'
When lo ! the lofty trumpet sounds !
The mark is hit ! the child is free !
Into his father's arms he bounds,
Inspir'd by love and liberty !
And now each valiant Swiss their joy partakes,
For mountains ring,
Whilst they sing,
Live William Tell ! the hero of the lakes.

SOUVENIR MINSTREL.

TO SIGH YET FEEL NO PAIN.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

To sigh yet feel no pain ;
 To weep yet scarce know why ;
 To sport an hour with beauty's chain,
 Then throw it idly by ;
 To kneel at many a shrine,
 Yet lay the heart on none ;
 To think all other charms divine,
 But those we just have won ;
 This is love—careless love—
 Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

 To keep one sacred flame
 Through life unchill'd, unmov'd ;
 To love in wintry age the same
 That first in youth we lov'd ;
 To feel that we adore
 To such refin'd excess,
 That though the heart would break with more,
 We could not live with less ;
 This is love—faithful love,—
 Such as saints might feel above !

HARPER'S SONG.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

SUMMER eve is gone and past,
 Summer dew is falling fast ;
 I have wander'd all the day,
 Do not bid me farther stray ;
 Gentle hearts of gentle kin,
 Take the wand'ring harper in.

 Bid not me in battle field,
 Buckler lift, or broad-sword wield ;
 All my strength and all my art,
 Is to touch the gentle heart,
 With the wizard notes that ring
 From the peaceful minstrel string.

I have song of war for knight,
 Lay of love for lady bright;
 Fairy tale to lull the ear,
 Goblin grim the maids to scare;
 Dark the night, and long till day:
 Do not bid me farther stray.

MY FRIEND AND PITCHER.

WORDS BY O' KEEFE.—ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow richer;
 Give me but these, I ask no more,
 My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With such, what mortal can be richer?
 Give me but these—a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

From morning sun I 'd never grieve,
 To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
 If that, when I come home at eve,
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

Though fortune ever shuns my door,
 I do not know what can bewitch her;
 With all my heart can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher,
 My friend so rare, &c.

I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

WORDS BY BP. HEBER.—MUSIC BY B. HIME.

I SEE them on their winding way,
 About their ranks the moonbeams play;
 Their lofty deeds, and daring high,
 Blend with the notes of victory;
 And waving arms, and banners bright,
 Are glancing in the mellow light.
 They're lost and gone—the moon is past,
 The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,
 And fainter, fainter, fainter still,
 The march is rising o'er the hill.
 I see them, &c. &c.

Again, again, the pealing drum,
 The clashing horn—they come, they come;
 Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
 In long and glittering files they sweep;
 And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
 Their soften'd chorus meets the ear.
 Forth, forth, and meet them on their way,
 The trampling hoofs brook no delay;
 With thrilling fife, and pealing drum,
 And clashing horn—they come, they come.
 I see them, &c. &c.

MARSEILLES HYMN.

YE sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
 Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise,
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
 Behold their tears and hear their cries.
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
 With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
 Affright and desolate the land,
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
 To arms! to arms! ye brave!
 Th' avenging sword unsheath:
 March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd,
 On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
 Which treacherous kings confederate raise,
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
 And lo! our fields and cities blaze.
 And shall we basely view the ruin,
 While lawless force with guilty stride,
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
 To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air,
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
 But man is man, and who is more?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
 To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

Oh! Liberty, can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy generous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee?
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

MARCHE DES MARSEILLAIS.

ALLONS! enfans de la patrie,
 Le jour de gloire est arrivé;
 Contre nous, de la tyrannie
 L'étendard sanglant est levé,
 Entendez vous, dans les campagnes
 Mugir ces féroces soldats,
 Ils viennent jusques dans vos bras,
 Egorger vos fils, vos compagnes.
 Aux armes, citoyens!
 Formez vos bataillons
 Marchez! marchez, qu'un sang impur
 Abreuve nos sillons!

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
 De traîtres, de rois conjurés?
 Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
 Ces fers dès long tems préparés?
 Français, pour nous—ah quel outrage!
 Quels transports il doit exciter,
 C'est nous qu'on ose méditer
 De rendre à l'antique esclavage.
 Aux armes, citoyens! &c.

Tremblez, tyrans! et vous perfides,
 L'opprobre de tous les parties,
 Tremblez! vos projets parricides
 Vont enfin recevoir leur prix.
 Tout est soldat pour vous combattre;
 S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros—
 La terre en produit de nouveaux
 Contre vous tout prêts à se battre.
 Aux armes, citoyens! &c.

SWISS BOY.

' Swiss Air.'

COME, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss
 Take thy pail and to labor away ! [1
 The sun is up with ruddy beam ;
 The kine are thronging to the stream.
 Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss
 Take thy pail, and to labor away.

Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss boy,
 When I hie to the mountains away !
 For there a shepherd maiden dear,
 Awaits my song with listening ear.
 Am not I, &c.

Then at night ! then at night—Oh ! a gay Swiss
 I'm away to my comrades, away !
 The cup we fill—the wine is pass'd
 In friendship round, until at last,
 With good night ! and good night ! goes the ha
 To his home and his slumbers, away.

SWISS MAID.

ADAPTED TO THE SAME AIR.

COME haste thee, come haste thee, my bonny Swiss
 Take thy cloak, and to church let's away ;
 The plighted love, I claim so true,
 For true's my love, sincere to you,
 Then haste thee, come haste thee, my bonny Swiss
 Take thy cloak, and to church let's away.

Am not I, am not I, then a happy Swiss maid ?
 Now bless'd with my own true love ;
 My shepherd swain to welcome home,
 And hail with joy each night's return,
 Am not I, am not I, then a happy Swiss maid,
 Now blest with my own true love ?

Now at eve, now at eve, see the happy Swiss maid
 In her cot, with contentment and peace ;
 There's nought disturbs, devoid of care,
Her rest is sweet, she knows no fear,
 Then 'good night,' and 'good night,' goes the ha
In her cot, to her slumbers in peace.

HAPPY SWISS BOY.

ADAPTED TO THE SAME AIR.

COME over the mountains, my bonny Swiss boy,
And haste to thy labor away.

Come over, &c.

And haste, &c.

The sun now shows his rosy beams,
The flocks are hasting to the streams,

Come over, &c.

And haste, &c.

You will find me, you'll find me a happy Swiss boy,
As I trip o'er the hills, far away,

You will find, &c.

As I trip, &c.

And while I watch my flocks and herds,
And listen to the warbling birds,

You will find, &c.

As I trip, &c.

THE NAIL MACHINE.

Air—'Tid-re-i,

SURE have you seen, a nail machine,

'T is all the people's wonder, O,

It thumps away, both night and day,

And makes a noise like thunder, O.

The cranks and pans, like battering-rams,

Do keep such pelting, pouncing, O,

That all the ground is shook around,

By reason of the jouncing, O.

spoken.) Now, you must know, that I'd a lot of cousins, that
d all the way down from Varmount, to larn the fashions, and
e all the cute and curious thingumjigs of the old colony.—By
(said Zachary Diggins) I insigh to see the nail works, if it
me my fire-ball colt, for uncle Fife told us, that they had ten
sand rattle-traps, and they kept up such a tarnel

*Rattlety bang, and clatterty clang,
And rattlety, clatterty bang they go.*

So off we set, with Tom and Bet,
 Young Stephen Bumps, and Dolly, O,
 And Jo, and Josh, and Bill Magosh,
 Ned Shacklefoot, the jolly, O.
 And Suzy Zudd, and Mimy Ludd,
 They rode behind on pillions, O,
 And Sary Slack, they made such clack,
 You 'd tho't there were a million, O.

(*Spoken.*) We scampered along through mud and in the style of the fashionables, till we were brought in, full before squire Clinker's nail works, and were teelly escorted into the very bowels of this establishr out squeeled aunt Betty Diggins, as loud as any sh. Oh! the wonderation! what a sight of jigamarees!—(quoth Ned) and as thick as ten bumblebees in a pum Rabbit ye, Bets! an' be darned to you! (bawled on and hold your gab thar.—Oh! the old sneezer! hov 'em up (cried Josh.) And then cousin Dolly the s she was quite sensitive.—Oh! by the lurry and liv (says Doll) I'll be soused into a butter tub, if ever curoosity thingums, in all my born days. Fags and c all over goose pimples!—Flammation! (sung out Tor chop the iron up!—Then Bill taking his turn, exclabobs and buttakins! uncle Jerémy's thrashing mill is that are! take care, Stephen, or you will have y smacked off by them 'are smashers, as quick as a pig walnut. Now all this, you know, was a very deligh paniment to the affettuosso of the machinery, as i touched off its

Rattlety bang, &c.

Then came the clerk, a brisk young spark,
 All bowing to each lady, O,
 And questions all, both great and small,
 To answer he was ready, O!
 The gals were pleas'd, for them he squeez'd
 They hardly could deny him, O!
 And Sary Slack, she got a smack,
 Unless they did belie him, O.

(*Spoken.*) This little animal the clerk, was a sort dandy, having the bottom of his waist pinched up to quart pot, and thus resembling in shape, what we *wasp*; he wore eleven capes to his coat, and had ov where his brains should be, a jockey cap of catskin, a *mock gold* watch, with two seals each as big as a *pre*. Oh! these dear little creatures, are always so vastly

adies! They may easily be distinguished from other animals
their singular gait, which is a sort of

Tippity bob, tippity bob,
Oh! I am all the tippy, O.

So round we went, wi' minds intent,
On all this mighty working, O,
'T was *tarnal queer*, sich wondrous gear,
And O! sich jams and jerkings, O!
At length (says Tom,) Let's strike for home,
To-night you know's the dancing, O,
Oh, yes! (says Zack,) if we go back,
'T is time we were a prancing, O.

oken.) So each lad of us took his lass, and then in comely
we all departed. It was, however, thought by most of the
that Mr. Tippy paid too much attention to Sary Slack, con-
ng as how cousin Sary was no better, and to be sure, I'll say
orse than the rest on 'em. But the school-dame, we thought
oo severe on the occasion, for she declared: By the jump-
loses! such indictions ought to be carried before the highest
of juncture, for they quite annihilated all satisfaction of the
tion.—But all hard thoughts, and hard words, were soon
ated by the frolic and fun on the road, as we jovially drove
with

Merrily ho! whisp dobbin, gee ho!
Gallopng gaily and cheery, O!

Then home we got, by gallop and trot,
In season for the junket, O!
And there was Sam, and Katy Cram,
And cousin David Plunket, O!
Now hark around! the cheering sound,
Of Peg and Pero's scraping, O!
In merry plight we spent the night,
In frolicking and capering, O.

oken). Now, as this was probably the last time we should
together under such pleasant circumstances, we resolved to
it up till the cows came home, as cousin Mimy said, and to
re, we did it right merrily, with Hunt the squirrel, Jo Baker,
l of Sugar, &c. &c. &c. Here, however, was none of
dances called, shawsees, rigamadoons, &c. but the good old
ned

Rigeltly bump, and shufflety thump!
And shufflety, scufflety clump we go!

LET US HASTE TO KELVIN GRO

WRITTEN BY JOHN SYME.—ARRANGED BY C. E. 1

LET us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie,
 Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie,
 Where the rose in all its pride,
 Paints the hollow dingle side,
 Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie

 We will wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,
 To the cove, beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,
 Where the glens rebound the call
 Of the lofty water-fall,
 Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie

 Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonnie lassie, O,
 Where so oft beneath its shade, bonnie lassie, O,
 With the songsters in the grove,
 We have told our tale of love,
 And have sportive garlands wove, bonnie lassie, O

 But I soon must bid adieu, bonnie lassie, O,
 To this fairy scene and you, bonnie lassie, O,
 To the streamlet winding clear,
 To the fragrant scented briar,
 Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

 And when on a distant shore, bonnie lassie, O,
 Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
 Wilt thou, Ellen, when you hear
 Of thy lover on his bier,
 To his mem'ry shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O?

MY HEART AND LUTE.

WRITTEN AND ARRANGED BY THOS. MOORE, ESQ.

I GIVE thee all, I can no more,
 Though poor the off'ring be;
 My heart and lute are all the store
 That I can bring to thee.
 A lute, whose gentle song reveals
 The soul of love full well,
 And, better far, a heart that feels
 Much more than lute can tell.

I give thee all, I can no more,
 Though poor the off'ring be;
 My heart and lute are all the store
 That I can bring to thee.

Though love and song may fail, alas!
 To keep life's clouds away,
 At least 't will make them lighter pass,
 Or gild them if they stay.
 If ever care his discord flings,
 O'er life's enchanted strain,
 Let love but gently touch the strings,
 'T will all be sweet again.
 I give thee all, &c.

MY BONNIE LASS.

WORDS BY A. LEE.

Air—'Wha'll be king but Charlie.'

My bonnie lass, now turn to me,
 And gie a smile to cheer me,
 An honest heart I'll gie to thee,
 For in truth I love thee dearly.
 Come, o'er the heather we'll trip together,
 All in the morning early,
 With heart and hand, I'll by thee stand,
 For in truth I love thee dearly.
 Come, o'er the heather we'll trip together,
 I heed neither mother nor father nor brother,
 With heart and hand, I'll by thee stand,
 For in truth I love thee dearly.

There's many a lass I love full well,
 And many who love me dearly,
 But there's ne'er a one, except thyself,
 That I e'er could love sincerely.
 Come o'er the heather, &c.

HERE WE MEET TOO SOON TO PART.

Air—'Di tanti palpiti.'

HERE we meet too soon to part;
 Here to leave will raise a smart;
 Here I'll press thee to my heart,
 Where none have place above thee.

Here I vow to love thee well ;
 Could but words unseal the spell,
 Had but language strength to tell,
 I 'd say how much I love thee !

Here the rose that decks thy door ;
 Here the thorn that spreads thy bower ;
 Here the willow on the moor ;
 The birds at rest above thee ;

Had they light of life to see
 Sense of soul, like thee and me,
 Soon might each a witness be,
 How doatingly I love thee !

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled ?
 Scots, whom Bruce has aften led !
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victory !
 Now 's the day, and now 's the hour !
 See the front of battle low'r !
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r !
 Edward ! chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee.
 Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw ;
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa'
 Caledonian ! on wi' me !

By Oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be, shall be free !
 Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Forward ! let us do, or die !

O SAY NOT WOMAN'S LOVE.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

Oh! say not woman's love is bought
 With vain and empty treasure;
 Oh! say not woman's heart is caught
 By every idle pleasure.
 When first her gentle bosom knows
 Love's flame, it wanders never;
 Deep in her heart the passion glows,
 She loves, and loves forever!

Oh! say not woman's false as fair;
 That like the bee she ranges;
 Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
 As fickle fancy changes:
 Ah, no, the love that first can warm
 Will leave her bosom never:
 No second passion e'er can charm,
 She loves, and loves forever!

TELL ME, ARE YE SLEEPIN' MAGGIE?

Air—'Roy's wife.'

TELL me, are ye sleepin', Maggie?
 Tell me, are ye sleepin', Maggie;
 Let me in, for loud the linn
 Is roarin' o'er the warlock craigie!
 Mirk and rainy is the night,
 No a starn in a' the carie,
 Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
 And winds drive on wi' winter's fury.
 Tell me, &c.

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank,
 The rifted wood roars wild and drearie,
 Loud the iron yett does clank,
 And cry o' howlets maks me eerie.
 Tell me, &c.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
 For fear I rise your waukrife daddy;
 Cauld's the blast upon my cheek;
 O rise, rise my bonny lady.
 Tell me, &c.

She op't the door, she let him in,
 He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie ;
 ' Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
 Since Maggie, now I 'm in aside ye.'

ROBINETTE WILL HAVE IT SO.

ONCE as merry as the lark
 I mounted to the sky,
 But now I 'm grown a sober spark,
 And like an owl,
 The wisest fowl,
 Will roll a dismal eye ;
 For Robinette will have it so,
 And what she will shall be ;
 I, therefore, take to ho ! ho ! ho !
 And turn off he ! he ! he !

Once as merry as the kid,
 I frisked it o'er the ground ;
 But since I am to laugh forbid
 An ass I am,
 A sheep, a lamb,
 Shut up in dismal pound.
 For Robinette will have it so, &c.

MERRY GIPSIES.

A Trio.

MERRY gipsies all are we,
 Far from Norwood do we come ;
 Oft with cheerful song and glee,
 Thus we wander far from home.
 With a fal lal la, &c.

Thro' the wood and o'er the wild,
 In the darksome night we roam,
 And oft have we the hours beguil'd,
 With legend tales we learn'd at home.
 With a fal lal la.

When the moon hangs overhead,
 And the stars are twinkling high'r
 On the heath with grouse o'erspread,
 Oft we trim our social fire.
 With a fal lal la.

But when morning lights the sky,
Then we rise and haste away ;
O'er the hills and plains we hie,
And little birds upon the spray.
With a fal la la.

SING THE CHEERING ROSARY. •

• **THOUGH** oft we meet severe distress,
In venturing out to sea,
The perils of the storm seem less,
As we to heaven our vows address,
And sing the cheering rosary.

Our kids that rove the mountains wide,
And bound in harmless glee,
I seek each day at even-tide ;
And while their course I homeward guide,
I sing the cheering rosary.

And in the deeper shades of night,
While through the woods I flee,
Where gloom and silence yield affright ;
To make my beating heart sit light,
I sing the cheering rosary.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

IRISH MELODY.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me, she stumbl'd, the pitcher it tumbl'd,
And all the sweet butter-milk water'd the plain.
Oh, what shall I do now ? 't was looking at you now,
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I 'll ne'er meet again ;
'T was the pride of my dairy, O, Barney M'Leary,
You 're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain,
A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her,
She vow'd for such pleasures she 'd break it again.
'T was hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortune will never come single 'tis plain,
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.

WORDS BY D. WEIR.—IRISH MELODY.

OH! our childhood's once delightful hours
 Ne'er come again,
 Their sunny glens, their blooming bowers
 And primrose plains!
 With other days
 Ambition's rays
 May flash upon our mind,
 But give me back the morn of life
 With fond thoughts twined,
 As it sweetly broke on bower and hill,
 And youth's gay mind!

Oh! our childhood's days are ne'er forgot
 On life's dark sea;
 And memory hails that sacred spot,
 Where'er we be.
 It leaves all joys,
 And fondly sighs,
 As youth comes on the mind,
 And looks upon the morn of life
 With fond thoughts, &c.

When age will come, with locks of gray,
 To quench youth's spark,
 And its stream runs cold along the way,
 Where all seems dark,
 'T will smiling gaze,
 As memory's blaze
 Breaks on its wavering mind,
 But 't will never bring the morn of life
 With fond thoughts, &c.

THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN.

Popular Duet.—WORDS BY MR. CLIFTON.—MUSIC FROM MOZART.

THE last link is broken that bound me to thee,
 And the words thou hast spoken have rendered me free;
 That bright glance, misleading, on others may shine,
 Those eyes smiled unheeded when tears burst from mine.

If my love was deemed boldness, that error is o'er,
I've witnessed thy coldness, and prize thee no more ;
Oh ! I have not loved lightly, I'll think on thee yet,
And pray for thee nightly till life's sun hath set.

MERRILY, MERRILY GOES THE BARK.

A Glee.—WORDS BY SIR W. SCOTT.—MUSIC BY J. WILLIS.

MERRILY, merrily goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds,
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.
They left Loch Tua on their lee,
And they wakened the men of wild Tiree,
And the chief of the sandy Coll.
They paused not at Columba's Isle,
Though pealed the bells at the hoary pile,
With long and measured toll,
No time for matin or for mass,
And the sounds of the holy summons pass
Away to the billow's roll.

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

WORDS BY MRS. HEMANS.—MUSIC BY HER SISTER.

'T WAS a trumpet's pealing sound !
And the Knight looked down from the Paynim's tower,
And a Christian host, in its pride and power,
Through the pass beneath him wound.
' Cease awhile, clarion ! clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease ! let them hear the captive's voice ! be still !

' I knew 't was a note !
And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
And their pennons wave by the mountain stream,
And their plumes to the glad wind float.
' I am here with my heavy chain !
And I look on a torrent sweeping by,
And an eagle rushing to the sky,
And a host to its battle plain.

' Must I pine in my fetters here ?
With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
And the trumpet in mine ear ?

Cease awhile, clarion ! clarion wild and shrill,
Cease ! let them hear the captive's voice ! be still ! be still !

‘ They are gone ! they have all passed by !
They in whose wars I had borne my part—
They that I loved with a brother's heart,
They have left me here to die !
Sound again, clarion ! clarion, pour thy blast !
Sound ! for the captive's dream of hope is past.’

LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS.

A Duet.—WORDS BY SIR. W. SCOTT.—ARRANGED BY PARRY.

Love wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps !
O for Music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme,
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers !

Through groves of palm,
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling ;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live !
No dream can give
A shadowed bliss the real excelling ;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that Love is telling.

FAREWELL !

WORDS BY LORD BYRON.—ARRANGED AS A DUET.

FAREWELL ! if ever fondest prayer
For others weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost on air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky !
'T were vain to speak—to weep—to sigh ;
Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word—Farewell ! Farewell !

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
 But in my breast, and in my brain,
 Awake the pangs that pass not by
 The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
 My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
 Though grief and passion there rebel;
 I only know we loved in vain—
 I only feel—Farewell! Farewell!

I HAVE FRUIT, I HAVE FLOWERS.

A Cavatina.—MUSIC BY WADE.

I HAVE fruit, I have flowers,
 That were gathered in the bowers,
 Amid the blooming hills so high, so high;
 I have fruit, I have flowers,
 The daughters of the showers,
 Of the dew and the rills, will you buy?
 I've a young nightingale,
 That by moonlight in the vale,
 So fondly to a rose his love did sigh;
 I stole within their bower,
 Caught the silly bird and flower;
 Will you buy the pretty lovers, will you buy?
 I have fruit, &c.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

WORDS BY BURNS.—SCOTCH MELODY.

If a body meet a body comin' through the rye,
 If a body kiss a body, need a body ery?
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
 Nane, they say, ha'e I!
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
 When comin' through the rye.
 Among the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel';
 But whare's his hame, or what's his name,
 I dinna care to tell.

If a body meet a body comin' frae the town,
 If a body greet a body, need a body frown?
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
 Nane, they say, ha'e I!
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
 When comin' through the rye.

Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel';
 But whare's his hame, or what 's his name,
 I dinna care to tell.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

Air—'Duncan Gray.'

PARDON now the bold outlaw,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Grant him mercy, gentles a',
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Let your hands and hearts agree,
 Set the Highland laddie free,
 Make us sing wi' muckle glee,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Long the state has doom'd his fa',
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Still he spurned the hatefu' law,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Scots can for their country die;
 Ne'er for Britain's foes they flee,
 A' that's past forget—forgi'e,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Scotland's fear and Scotland's pride,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Your award must now abide,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Lang your favors hae been mine,
 Favors I will ne'er resign,
 Welcome then for auld lang syne,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

BRIGNAL BANKS.

WORDS BY SIE W. SCOTT.—MUSIC BY DR. CLARKE.

O BRIGNAL banks are wild and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there,
 Would grace a summer queen.
 And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
 Beneath the turret high,

A maiden on the castle wall
 Was singing merrily,—
 O Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green ;
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there
 Than reign our English queen.

If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
 To leave both tower and town,
 Thou first must guess what life lead we,
 That dwell by dale and down.
 And if thou canst that riddle read,
 As read full well you may,
 Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
 As blithe as queen of May.
 Yet sung she, Brignal banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are green ;
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there
 Than reign our English queen.

I read you, by your bugle horn,
 And by your palfrey good,
 I read you for a ranger sworn,
 To keep the king's green wood.
 A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
 And 't is at peep of light ;
 His blast is heard at merry morn,
 And mine at dead of night.
 Yet sung she, Brignal banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are gay ;
 I would I were with Edmund there,
 To reign his queen of May !

With burnish'd brand and musketoon,
 So gallantly you come,
 I read you for a bold dragoon,
 That lists the tuck of drum.
 I list no more the tuck of drum,
 No more the trumpet hear ;
 But when the beetle sounds his hum,
 My comrades take the spear.
 And O, though Brignal banks be fair,
 And Greta woods be gay,
 Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
 Would reign my queen of May !

Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,
 A nameless death I'll die ;
 The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead
 Were better mate than I !

And when I'm with my comrades met,
 Beneath the greenwood bough,
 What once we were we all forget,
 Nor think what we are now.
 Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green ;
 And you may gather garlands there,
 Would grace a summer queen.

POLACCA. NO MORE BY SORROW.

WORDS BY DIDDEN.—MUSIC BY BRANHAM.

No more, by sorrow chased, my heart
 Shall yield to fell despair ;
 Now joy repels the envenom'd dart,
 And conquers ev'ry care.

So, in our woods, the hunted boar
 On native strength relies ;
 The forests echo with his roar,
 In turn the hunter flies.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.*

WORDS BY JOHN HOME.

Air—'Largoce.'

'T WAS summer and softly the breezes were blowing,
 And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree ;
 At the foot of a rock where the river is flowing,
 I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
 Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,
 Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever :
 For there I first gain'd the affection and favor
 Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mournin
 To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he ;
 And ah ! there's no hopes of his speedy returning,
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
 He's gone, hapless youth ! o'er the loud roaring billow

* *This song derives its chief interest from being the composition of Home, the well-known author of 'Douglas, a Tragedy,' and the events of 1745. It is suited to the beautiful tune of 'Largo*

**The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.**

**But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me ;
And when he returns, with such care I 'll watch o'er him,
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying ;
The lambs on its banks, shall again be seen playing ;
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.**

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

WORDS BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.—ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

**MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order ?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the blue bonnets are over the border.
Many a banner spread, flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story,
Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish glory.**

**Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing ;
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding ;
Stand to your arms, and march in good order ;
England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border.**

PARODY ON THE SAME.

**WRITE, write, tourist and traveller—
Fill up your pages, and write in good order ;
Write, write, scribbler and driv'ler—
Why leave such margins ? Come nearer the border.**

**Many a laurel dead, flutters around your head ;
Many a tome is your memento mori ;
Come from your garrets, then, sons of the quill and pen—
Write for snuff-shops, if you write not for glory.**

Come from your rooms, where the farthing wick's burning,
 Come with your tales—speak thy gladness or wo;
 Come from your small beer to vinegar turning—
 Come where the Port and the Burgundy flow.

Fame's trump is sounding,—topics abounding,—
 Leave then, each scribbler, your high attic story;
 Critics shall many a day speak of your book, and say,—
 'He wrote for the snuff shop—he wrote not for glory.'

Write, write, tourist and traveller—
 Fill up your pages and write in good order;
 Write, write, scribbler and driv'ler—
 Why leave such margins? Come nearer the border.

COME O'ER THE STREAM CHARLIE.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

COME o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
 Come o'er the stream Charlie, and dine wi' M'lean;
 And though you be weary, we 'll make your heart cheery,
 And welcome our Charlie and his royal train.

We'll bring down the track-deer, we'll bring down the black stee!
 The lamb from the break an' the doe from the glen,
 The salt sea we 'll harry, and bring to our Charlie
 The cream from the boothy and curd from the pen.

And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-cheerly,
 That stream in the star-light when kings do not ken;
 And deep shall your meed be of wine that is ruddy,
 To drink to your sire, and his friend the M'Lean.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
 'Tis ready,—a troop of our bold highland men
 Shall range o'er the heather, with bonnet and feather,
 Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.

THIS LOVE—HOW IT PLAGUES ME.

WORDS BY D. WEIR.

THIS love how it plagues me, young Ellen did say,
 As she sat at her wheel on a fine summer's day;
 Before I saw Sandy I rose with the lark,
 And as merrily sang frae the morning till dark;

But now when I 'm singing, he comes in my mind,
 Tho' he 's neither before me, nor yet is behind :
 O love do you plague ilka body like me,
 For Sandy ne'er promised a lover to be ?

Wi' me at the gloaming we 've wander'd alane,
 And at kirk, and at market, wi' me he has gane ;
 He speaks not of love but he's blithe when we meet ;
 Nor allows me to pass unobserv'd in the street.
 Be still then my heart, let my wheel go its round,
 For mother will wonder what 's come o' thy sound ;
 I needna be jealous for why should I be,
 Since Sandy ne'er promised his true love to me.

While Ellen was musing the door it flew wide,
 In a moment young Sandy was down by her side ;
 I 'm come my dear Ellen, you mauna say nay,
 To ask you to wed me, and Tuesday's the day ;
 Your mother's consented, O now my love speak,—
 Yet she said not a word, and pale grew her cheek ;
 At length with a smile, and the tear in her e'e,
 She clung to his bosom and said 'it will be.'

MAID OF ATHENS.

WORDS BY BYRON.—MUSIC BY KIALLMARK.

MAID of Athens ! ere we part
 Give, O give me back my heart !
 Or, since that has left my breast,
 Keep it now, and take the rest.
 Ah ! hear my vow before I go,
 Ah ! hear my vow before I go,
 My dearest life, I love you !

By those tresses unconfined,
 Wooed by each Ægean wind !
 By those lids whose jetty fringe
 Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge !
 By those wild eyes like the roe,—
 Ah ! hear my prayer before I go,
 My dearest life, I love you !

Maid of Athens ! I am gone :
 Think of me, sweet, when alone :
 Though I fly to Istambol,

Athens holds my heart and soul.
 Can I cease to love thee? No!
 Hear my vow before I go,
 My dearest life, I love you!

MARY, LIST, AWAKE.

WORDS BY HUNT.—MUSIC BY WHITAKER.

MARY, dear Mary, list, awake!
 And now like the moon thy slumbers break.
 There is not a taper, and scarcely a sound,
 To be seen or be heard in the cottages round,
 The watch-dog is silent, thy father sleeps,
 And love, like the breeze, to thy window creeps.
 The moonlight seems list'ning all over the land,
 To the whispers of angels like thee;
 O lift, but a moment, the sash with thine hand,
 And kiss but that hand to me,
 My love, Mary!
 Kiss but that hand to me!

Gently awake, and gently arise!
 Oh, for a kiss to unclothe thine eyes;
 The vapor of sleep should fly softly the while,
 As the breath on thy looking-glass breaks at thy smile!
 And then I would whisper thee never to fear,
 For Heaven is all round thee when true love is near.
 Just under the woodbine, dear Mary, I stand,
 Still looking and list'ning for thee;
 O lift, but a moment, the sash with thy hand,
 And kiss but that hand to me,
 My love, Mary!
 Kiss but that hand to me!

Hark!—do I hear thee?—Yes, 't is thou,
 And now there's thy hand, and I see thee now;
 Thou look'st like a rose in a crystal stream,
 For thy face, love, is bathed in the moonlight gleam!
 And, oh! could my kisses like stream-circles rise,
 To dip in thy dimples and spread round thine eyes!
 How sweet to be lost in a night such as this,
 In the arms of an angel like thee!
 Nay, stay but a moment—one moment of bliss,
 And smile but forgiveness to me,
 My love, Mary!
 Smile but forgiveness to me.

Nobody, sweet, can hear our sighs,
 Thy voice just comes on the soft air and dies.
 Dost thou gaze on the moon? I have gazed as I rove,
 Till I thought it has breathed heaven's blessing on love;
 Till I've stretched out my arms, and my tears have begun,
 And nature, and heaven, and thou, seemed but one.
 Fare thee well, sweetest Mary, the moon's in the west,
 And the leaves shine with tear-drops like thee;
 So draw in thy charms, and betake thee to rest,
 O, thou, dearer than life to me,
My love, Mary!
 Thou dearer than life to me.

THE SUN THAT LIGHTS THE ROSES.

WORDS BY MONCRIEFF.

THOUGH dimpled cheeks may give the light,
 Where rival beauties blossom,
 Though balmy lips to love invite
 To ecstasy the bosom;
 Yet sweeter far yon summer sky,
 Whose blushing tint discloses,
 Give me the lustre-beaming eye,
 The sun that lights the roses.

The voice of love is soft and clear,
 Exciting fond emotion;
 How sweet it sounds upon the ear,
 Like music on the ocean;
 Yet dearer far to lover's sight,
 The eye that truth discloses,
 Surpassing with its splendor bright
 The sun that lights the roses.

THE GARDENER'S SONG.

WRITTEN BY DIDDIN.

WHEN the *tendrils* of love once *strike root* in the heart
 They shoot freely without cultivation;
 If the sun of encouragement warmth but impart
 To the soil of a sweet inclination.
 Yet in this wide world's *borders* wherever 't is found,
 The *bindweed* of interest gets seed in;
 Any *money* and *marigold* cover the ground,
 While beneath the sweet rose love lies bleeding.

Though single for some time an *Adonis* may keep,
Sagely railing at *Wedlock* so witty ;
 While in *Venus's* looking-glass at every peep
 A *Narcissus* appears none so pretty.
 At last if he spies, 'mong the fair *queens of the mead*,
 A good *shepherd's* purse, full of bright money,
 His *bachelor's* buttons then begin to look dead,
 And he longs to be *suckling the honey*.

Of *raking* now tired, (though as chill *cucumber* cold
 The fair daughter should prove to their union,)
 His eyes gaily glisten at the thought of her gold,
 And you 'd think he'd been slicing an *onion*.
 In for love, lack-adaisies he *rue* fully *pin*es,
 Of a *willow* he talks, and his *garters* ;
 Ev'n the sultan's *imperial crown* he'd resign
 To be saved from the fate of love's martyrs.

COME DEAREST, TOUCH THE CASTANET.

WORDS BY HALL.

Come, dearest, ere the sun is set,
 Come, lightly touch the castanet ;
 Its sound can waken pleasure still,
 And dance the lively *sevadille*
 Before the evening shadows throw
 Their dusky garb o'er all below.

Come ; he whose path is through the skies
 Shall beam, at least, o'er brightened eyes ;
 Come ; heaven is smiling, earth is gay,
 And breezes bear our woes away.
 Come, dearest, touch the castanet,
 Our souls may feel its music yet.

NOW GOOD NIGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM C. M. VON WEBER.

Now good night—
 Round each hill, and tower, and tree,
 Darkness deep her mantle closes,
 While all nature calm reposes ;
 Darkness brings no rest to me.
 Now good night, love, now good night.

Dearest love—
 Still may no fond thought of me
 Thy calm hour of rest encumber ;
 But good angels watch thy slumber,
 Round the pillow press'd by thee.
 So good night, love—so good night.

WE 'LL MARRIED BE.

A Comic Duet.—BY MALLINSON.

He.—ONE day, while working at my plough,
 Fal lal lal, &c.

I felt, just here, I can 't tell how ;
 Fal lal lal, &c.

I turned my head round, just to see
 Who 't was I heard, when there stood she,
 Like *Wenus*, com'd out of the sea.

Fal lal lal, &c.

She.—La ! John, you flatter now, I 'm sure,
 Fal lal lal, &c.

I look'd like I, and nothing more ;
 Fal lal lal, &c.

I 'd walked along a field or two,
 And might look rosy-cheek'd or so :
 Besides, I met a charming *beau* !

Fal lal lal, &c.

He.—I knows ~~the~~ chap you mean, I trow,
 Fal lal lal, &c.

He 's at the squire's, here below.
 Fal lal lal, &c.

Be careful, Nan, take heed in time,
 Here 's honest John, just in his prime,
 If you 'll be his'n, he 'll be thine.

Fal lal lal, &c.

She.—Why John, your *sartan* well to do,
 Fal lal lal, &c.

You 've got a cow, a pig or two ;
 Fal lal lal, &c.

But mother's magpie talks to I—
 She calls me angel of the sky.

He.—Then mother's magpie tells a lie.

Fal lal lal, &c.

She.—Tells lies ! the bird does no such things—
 Fal lal lal, &c.

For I 'm an angel—

He.—Where's your wings ?
 Fal lal lal, &c.

She.—That gemman, sir, all sweet perfume,
Said—‘Oh, you goddess from the moon!’

He.—He meant a witch upon a broom.

She.—Well, time will show, and, John, you’ll fin
Fal lal lal, &c.

He.—You’d best take me, Nan, in the mind.
Fal lal lal, &c.

She.—Wi’ all my heart, next Sunday.
Fal lal lal, &c.

He.—Done.

We’ll married be, as sure as fun.

She.—And then, John—

He.—You and I’ll be one.

Fal lal lal, &c.

Both.—So { lads, } who’d wish to happy be,
 { maids, }

Just copy { pretty Nan } and me;
 { honest John }

But to old Nick send jealousy.

Fal lal lal, &c.

DEAR NATIVE HOME.

WRITTEN BY MISS BRYANT.

Air—‘Sweet Home.’

THOUGH we roam through the world to seek peace and delight,
’Tis but a dark prospect alluring the sight,

For, though pleasure may greet us wherever we roam,
Still one bright thought must beam on our dear native home.

Home, sweet home, &c.

Oh! nothing can equal our dear native home.

When the captive sad thinks of the joys that are past,
And a wretch, on the wide world to misery cast,

When hours pass in sorrow, and friends seek the tomb,
Then he drops a fond tear for his dear native home.

Home, sweet home, &c.

THE MAY MORN.

WORDS BY MISS BRYANT.

Air—‘Had I a heart for falsehood.’

THE morn may shed its sunny ray,

The rose may meet my view,

When Sol shall drive in tears away,

Its glittering early dew.

Though beauty smile and friends caress,
Yet all those charms must fly,
If Heaven should cease this heart to bless,
And, dearest, you should die.

Then never doubt, my dark eyed love,
I only live for thee ;
Though brighter eyes more beauteous rove,
Thine, thine, are all to me.

And though the grave may take thee, dear,
Dismiss the tear and sigh ;
A breaking heart would meet thee there,
My dearest, if you die.

O'SHANE AND JESSIE.

WORDS BY O'BRIEN.

Air—' White Cockad.'

ARRAH, Jessie, dear, now hear my plan,
We 'll go to Erin's hills so green ;
There's none can love like an Irishman,
And from Ulster highland hills are seen.

Jessie. I 'll not gang to your Irish clan,
Thy country is too far awa ;
Although you be a braw young mon,
I fear your hills are frast and snaw.

O'Shane. It's your own hills, my honey dear,
That's covered o'er with frost and snow ;
But mine are green throughout the year,
Then come before your mountains thaw.

Jessie. I cannot gang with you, I 'm sure,
A Jo I have, and I 'm his ain ;
Do you ken yon rising tower ?
There he lives, I mun gang hame. [*Going.*

O'Shane. Then faith, you shan't, my highland dear.
[*Holds her.*

Jessie. Let me go, you Irish loon !

O'Shane. That I won't, you need not fear.

Jessie. There, you foo, you 've tore my gown !

O'Shane. I vow that I will be sincere ;
Then come with me, my lovely maid,
My all with you I 'll freely share,
So come, and never be afraid.

Jessie. Then, as you vow to be sincere,
 I 'll gang with thee, my Irish lad ;
 First tell me what your fortune 's there,
 For I have nane, and that is bad.

O' Shane I have a cow, and year-old swine,
 From thieves my dog will keep us free ;
 There 's a sow, ten sheep—the priest left nine,
 And a cat to purr upon your knee.

Jessie. If I gang with thee to Erin's land,
 You 'll not prove false and gang awa ?

O' Shane. Oh, when I do forsake this hand,
 Then may your mountains on me thaw !

BRIGHT HOURS IN STORE.

WHY should we, the days of our boyhood bewailing,
 Neglect all the pleasures that lie in our way ?
 These sad recollections are sure unavailing,
 The present then let us enjoy while we may ;
 Ne'er regretting the past, no, nor fearing to-morrow,
 We 'll merrily meet ev'ry care to forget ;
 Then join the gay chorus, and, banishing sorrow,
 Believe that bright hours are in store for us yet.

But sudden misfortune may sometimes confound us,
 And musing on days that are gone force a tear ;
 Ah ! then the lov'd playmates of youth were around us—
 To cheer us in sorrow they still may be near,
 While each holiday pastime in fancy pursuing ;
 Oh ! then in their smile ev'ry care we 'll forget,
 And join the gay chorus, the pleasure renewing,
 Of light frolic days when in childhood we met.

The joys of our youth should be laid up as treasures,
 Which mem'ry may often recall to our view ;
 And each happy hour, which is now wing'd with pleasures,
 We 'll one day delighted in fancy renew.
 Thus enjoyment from days that are gone we may borrow,
 Though soften'd it be by a shade of regret ;
 Then join the gay chorus, and banishing sorrow,
 Believe that bright hours are in store for us yet.

AFFECTION IN OLD AGE.

Air—' Believe me if all those, &c.'

OH, Ellen, thine eyes, like the sweet stars of night,
 Now illumine my heart with their ray ;
 But Time, that despoiler, (though lovely and bright,)
 Will too soon take their magic away ;
 For age slowly totters to ravage such charms,—
 In vain 't is for beauty to sue,
 But my heart, which at present thy loveliness warms,
 Must ever beat fondly for you.

I grieve when I think that thy beauty must fade,
 And that all my endeavors can't save
 My Ellen from Time, and that no mortal aid
 Can rescue my love from the grave.
 But, when aged, in thy features I 'll fondly retrace
 The charms which I now hold so dear,
 And recall all our joys as I gaze on thy face,
 To pay the sad tribute a tear.

TURN THE NIGHT TO DAY.

Air—' Fly not yet.'

WOULD you know my chief delight?
 'T is to enjoy a moonlight night,—
 To sit and count the stars above,
 And talk to one that's fair, of love,
 And pass the hours away.
 If you 'd know what I most prize,
 'T is life that springs from woman's eyes,—
 At night to hear the watch-dog bark,—
 To seek the owl,—outlive the lark,—
 And turn the night to day.
 To day, to day, &c.

Would you know what makes me mourn,
 'T is watching day for night's return,
 To meet in shades, where no control
 Can check the inward flow of soul,
 Which dreams not of dismay.

Then if you 'd know the joy of life,
 'Tis woman, who can check all strife ;
 Her voice, her eyes, her every grace,
 Her waving tresses, lovely face,
 All turn the night to day.
 To day, to day, &c.

ROSE OF LOVE.

COMPOSED BY C. E. HORN.

THOU art mine, rose of love, thou art mine,
 In my bosom thou art planted forever ;
 There the best of affections shall round thee entwine,
 As the elm is embraced in th' embrace of the vine,
 Which is never relinquished, no—never.
 Rose of love, rose of love ! thou art mine.

Thou art planted here, ne'er to decay ;
 From my heart nought thy beauties can sever ;
 And should tears, like bright dew-drops, at dawn of the day,
 Impearl thy sweet bloom, I will kiss them away,
 For thou ne'er shall know sorrow, no—never.
 Rose of love, rose of love ! thou art mine.

THE VILLAGE MAID.

WRITTEN BY CROSS.

WHEN I quitted the cot, that stands alone on the moor,
 Round the which play'd the breezes of health,
 'T was to gain fair Anna, the nymph I adore,
 Abroad a snug portion of wealth.
 I told the sweet girl, when preparing to part,
 Of my constancy ne'er be afraid ;
 Though distant, your image will dwell in my heart,
 For there reigns my sweet village maid.

Fortune's prosperous gales had now wafted me back,
 And I hasted my Anna to meet ;
 While fancy portray'd, as I follow'd the track,
 With what joy I my Anna should greet :
 How her bright eyes would sparkle, approaching to view,
 When of presents my store I 'd display :
 And touching her lips, whisper'd these are for you,
 Yes, all for my sweet village maid.

I trudg'd, smiling thus, with gay pleasure my guide,
 When a shriek my steps onward did urge,
 I flew to the spot, saw, drove down by the tide,
 An angel embrac'd by the surge;
 I dash'd through the stream, brought her safe to the shore,
 On the bank where she gently was laid,
 Reviving, I saw the dear girl I adore,
 Ah, me! it was my sweet village maid.

HEAVING THE LEAD.

WORDS BY PEARCE.—ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

For England, when, with fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
 And scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd,
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 ' *By the deep*—NINE !'

And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view—
 An abbey-tow'r, a harbor-fort,
 Or beacon, to the vessel true;
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 ' *By the mark*—SEVEN !'

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,
 With transport we behold the roof
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof!
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 ' *Quarter less*—FIVE !'

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh,
 With slacken'd sail she feels the tide;
 'Stand clear the cable!' is the cry—
 The anchor's gone, we safely fide.
 The watch is set, and through the night,
 We hear the seaman with delight,
 Proclaim—'ALL'S WELL.'

FRIEND OF MY SOUL.

WORDS BY MOORE.—MUSIC BY LATOUR.

FRIEND of my soul, this goblet sip;
 'T will chase the pensive tear;
 'T is not so sweet as woman's lip,
 But, oh! 't is more sincere,
 Like her delusive beam
 'T will steal away thy mind;
 But like affection's dream,
 It leaves no sting behind.

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade,
 These flowers were culled at noon;
 Like woman's love, the rose will fade,
 But, ah! not half so soon!
 But, though the flower's decayed,
 Its fragrance is not o'er,
 But once when love's betrayed,
 The heart can bloom no more.

PHRENOLOGY.

WORDS BY MALLINSON.

Air—' Oh! what a row! '

COME, folks, come to my phrenologic lecturing,
 Every mental faculty I can descry;
 Bring all your heads with ye—I'll silence all conjecturing,
 My *bump*-discerning talents sure none deny.
 For this, good folks, is not a hoax,
 My sytem orthodox is, O!
 Just only now my hand allow
 To feel your knowledge-boxes, O!

Of this bump or that, which from mental causes swell up so,
 I'll make it clear each *bumpkin* here its organ shall develope
 Lumps, bumps, pates, fates, scullery, medullary,
 Phenomena, developed are by Doctor Gall.

SPOKEN.] ' Ladies and shentlemans, I be come all de vay fr
 Jarmany for to impart to de English nation de benefit of phrer
 ogy. Allow me, sir, to feel your head.'—' Well, what do
 feel? '—' Here's the organ of disinterestedness as pig as a ti
 pling.'—' What, that there bump? '—' Yea.'—' Well, then,

ow a great deal about it, for I got that by running my head
ainst the pole of a hackney-coach in the Minorities.'

Come, folks, come, &c.

ve's ogling now no emotion of the soul implies;
lavater and system, if you 'd live, renounce;
buncle, or grog blossom, no devotion to the bowl implies,
'ropensity we only see upon the sconce!
e swelling heart can ne'er impart its feelings by the throb alone,
e head that swells much better tells by counting of the nob's
alone!
've an ultra intellectually *organized nobility*.

Lumps, bumps, &c.

POKEN.] 'Plesh my soul, plesh my soul, vat a bump! It is
organ of transportation for fourteen years.'—'Master, you be
ing so much about these here organs, be they any thing like
organ which is played at Vauxhall?'—'No, my good fellow,
difference is this: the organ at Vauxhall is played by keys,
ch are flats and sharps, but the organs of Gall are *fingered* by
alone.'

Come, folks, come, &c.

atorial candidates, for suffrages solicitous,
just go in shoals, with shaven poles, to poll for votes,
l matrimonial suitors, to terminate felicitous,
o woo sincere, must now appear as bald as coots.

Don't, if you wed, expose your head,

Think what the jade Delilah did,

What, in his sleep, to get a peep

At Samson's bumps, she slyly did.

find, no doubt, the organ out his weakness did consist in,
shaved his head, and then betrayed him to the wicked Philistine.

Lumps, bumps, &c.

POKEN.] 'My dear sir, permit my hand *one* moment's proxi-
ty to your pericranium. Bless me, very *strange*; I beg to in-
re if you were ever trepanned, sir?'—'Never, since my mar-
re; that's the only time they ever trepanned me, and they
i't catch me at that fun again!'—'Ah! I declare, here is the
an of adhesiveness.'—'True, doctor, wery true and wery ad-
ive; it's a bit of bees-wax I put there to keep my vig on, as the
d is high on Wauxhall-bridge.'

Come, folks, come, &c.

HE LOVES, AND RIDES AWAY

At the Baron of Mowbray's gate was seen
 A page with a courser black;
 There came out a knight of noble mien,
 And he leap'd on the courser's back;
 His arms were bright, his heart was light,
 And he sung this merry lay—
 'How jollily lives a fair young knight!
 He loves, and rides away.'

A lady look'd over the castle wall,
 And she heard the knight thus sing;
 This lady's tears began then to fall,
 And her hands she began to wring.
 'And didst thou then thy true love plight,
 And was it but to betray?
 Ah! tarry awhile, my own dear knight;
 In pity don't ride away.'

The knight of her tears took no heed,
 While scornful laughed his eye;
 He gave the spur to his prancing steed—
 'Good-by, sweetheart, good-by.'
 And soon he vanished from her sight,
 While she was heard to say,
 'Ah! ladies, beware of a fair young knight,
 He'll love, and he'll ride away.'

ADIEU MY NATIVE LAND.

MUSIC BY P. K. MORAN.

ADIEU, my native land, adieu!
 The vessel spreads her swelling sails,
 Perhaps I never more may view
 Your fertile fields, your flowery dales;
 Delusive hope can charm no more,
 Far from the faithless maid I roam,
 Unfriended seek some foreign shore,
 Unpitied leave my peaceful home!
 Adieu, my native land, &c.

Farewell, dear village, oh! farewell,
 Soft on the gale thy murmur dies,
 I hear thy solemn evening bell,

Thy spires yet glad my aching eyes;
 Though frequent falls the dazzling tear,
 I scorn to shrink at Fate's decree,
 And think not, cruel maid, that e'er
 I'll breathe another sigh for thee.
 Adieu, my native land, &c.

In vain, through shades of frowning night,
 Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore,
 Deep sinks the fiery orb of light,
 I view thy beacons now no more,
 Rise, billows, rise! blow, hollow wind!
 (Nor night, nor storms, nor death, I fear,)
 Be friendly, bear me hence to find
 That peace which fate denies me here.
 Adieu, my native land, &c.

THE MERRY BOW CHURCH BELLS.

A Glee.—WORDS BY CROSS.

Air—'The Merry Christ Church Bells.'

Ding-dong, the merry, merry Bow Church bells
 Sound sweet, and glee impart;
 The changes that enrich our peals,
 Reward the ringer's art:
 Their cheerful chime dull grief dispels,
 So sweet sound the merry, merry Bow Church Bells.

Within their sound how many born
 Have proved both good and great;
 The world's emporium who adorn,
 Or honor power and state;
 By ceaseless industry who thrive,
 By honest trade reap gain,
 By commerce envied wealth achieve;
 Rich burghers of the main.
 By Fortune's choicest favors crowned,
 Thus oft, old Record tells,
 Have rose the boys born in the sound
 Of merry, merry Bow Church bells.
 Ding dong, &c.

A ROUND, A MERRY LAUGHING ROUND.

A Quartette and Chorus.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OPERA OF PRECIOSA.—MUSIC BY WEBER.

A ROUND, a round,
 A merry laughing round, a round,
 While echoes sound;
 A round, while echoes sound;
 The horn shall give time
 With its midnight chime,
 To quick-twinkling feet and the gipsy rhyme
 Trarah! Trarah!

In night, in night,
 In lovely silent night, in night,
 When stars are bright,
 In night when stars are bright;
 Ah! then is the day
 When the gipsies play
 So merrily singing their melody.
 Trarah! Trarah!

Like fays, like fays,
 Like merry tripping fays, like fays,
 We tread the maze,
 Like fays we tread the maze
 On midsummer's green,
 And where we have been
 The prints of our dance in morn shall be seen.
 Trarah! Trarah!

CHORUS.

Now all that love day light are sleeping,
 Of earth, of the air, of the sea;
 But brighter to us is the moonlight,
 And sweeter the dance on the lea.

Those stars that are twinkling above us,
 They surely for some one must shine;
 As none else will claim them, their brightness
 Be lit up for love and for wine.

And then, too, they call those bright twinklers
 The Dragon, the Dog, and the Bear,
 While all the same time, I could swear it,
 They're souls of the brave and the fair.

So ne'er again I'll London see,
But range each hill and valley;
Come, spend a trifle, sir, with me,
And think on little Sally.

CYNTHIA'S COTTAGE.

WHEN at night the village swains
Yield to sleep's bland dotage,
I will trip across the plains
To my Cynthia's cottage;
Wish her, ere return of light,
A refreshing sweet good night.

Sleeping angel! may no fear
Your repose encumber,
For my passion is sincere;
E'en when wrapt in slumber,
And in dreams I oftentimes swear,
Constant to thee, my fair.

When stars sparkle in the skies,
With a keener brightness,
I oft meet her radiant eyes,
Thro' the moss clad lattice;
And then steal a parting kiss,
That my senses whelms in bliss.

O! then I can sink to rest!
Round me joys are hov'ring;
Feel more tranquil, feel more blest,
Than the greatest sov'reign;
All his treasures, all his might,
I'd not take for such a night.

THE HARP OF LOVE.

THE harp of love when first I heard
Its song beneath the moonlight tree,
Was echoed by his plighted word,
And ah! how dear its song to me.
But wail'd the hour will ever be,
When to the air, the bugle gave
To hush love's gentle minstrelsy,
The wild war music of the brave.

For he hath heard its sounds, and now
Its voice is sweeter than mine own,
And he hath broke the plighted vow,
He breathed to me and love alone.
That Harp hath lost its wonted tone,
No more its strings his fingers move,
Ah ! would that he had only known
The music of the harp of love.

O YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.

O YES, when the bloom of love's boyhood is o'er,
He 'll turn into friendship that feels no decay,
And though time may take from him the wings he c
The charms that remain will be bright as before,
And he 'll lose but his young trick of flying away.

Then let it console thee, if love should not stay,
That friendship our last happy moments will crown,
Like the shadows of morning love lessens away,
While friendship, like those at the closing of day,
Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

AH WHY DID I GATHER.

EMDIN.

AH ! why did I gather this delicate flower,
 Why pluck the young bud from the tree ?
 'T would there have bloom'd lovely for many an hour,
 And how soon will it perish with me ?
 Already its beautiful texture decays,
 Already it fades on my sight ;
 'T is thus that chill rancor too often o'erpowers
 The moments of transient delight.

When eagerly pressing enjoyment too near,
 Its blossoms we gather in haste ;
 How oft thus we mourn with a penitent tear,
 O'er the joys which we lavish'd in waste :
 This elegant flower, had I left it at rest,
 Might still have delighted my eyes ;
 But pluck'd prematurely, and plac'd in my breast,
 It languishes, withers, and dies.

AE FOND KISS.

WORDS BY BURNS.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae farewell, alas ! forever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;—
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy :
 But to see her, was to love her ;
 Love but her, and love forever.
 Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted !

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee well, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae farewell, alas ! forever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
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ANSWER TO MY HEART AND LUTE.

MUSIC BY CROUCH.

I COME, dear maid, with tuneful art,
 Thy ling'ring hours to cheer,
 And bring thee too a tender heart,
 Full fraught with love sincere.
 A heart, you say, is richer store,
 Than glittering gems from me,
 And what is then Peruvian ore,
 Compared with smiles from thee ?
 Compared with smiles, &c.

Possess'd of such unfading bliss,
 To gild our lovely way,
 With thee, my love, I ask but this,
 To life's remotest day ;
 ' A heart and lute ' are slender store,
 ' An off'ring poor ' they be,
 Were they a world I could no more—
 Then bring them love, to me.
 Then bring them, &c.

A LINNET SAT LONE IN A BUSH.

SUNG BY MADAME VESTRIS.

A LINNET sat lone in a bush—
 An unmarried linnet was she ;
 To woo her there came a young thrush—
 A bachelor thrush too was he.
 La lira, &c.

The bulfinches, blackbirds, and larks,
 As friends to both parties, flew round,
 And eagerly chirp'd their remarks
 In what bliss such a match must abound.
 La lira, &c.

Quoth the circle, 'you ne'er can object;
The thrush must be surely your choice—
He 's the husband our wisdoms elect,
All your family give him their voice.'

La lira, &c.

The linnet replied, in sly tone,
'Let the thrush take the voice of my friends,
I'll keep for another my own.'
My song, with its moral, here ends.

La lira, &c.

A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine;
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
No more of me you know,
My love!
No more of me you know.

This morning, merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter's snow,
Ere we two meet again.
He turned his charger, as he spake,
Upon the river shore;
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
Said, 'adieu, forever more,
My love!
Adieu, forever more.'

AWAKE THE HARP'S SLUMBER.

WAKE the harp's slumber to pleasure's soft lay,
The taper shall dart its beams thro' the hall;
From the tempest of war, and the battle's loud bray,
We'll dearly obey mirth's heart-thrilling call.
h! change the light strain, bid the sorrow arise,
To the ghost of each warrior, as pensive it flies;
To triumph or death,
They strode o'er the heath,
d sweet is the sleep that encircles their eyes.

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To the ghost of each warrior, as pensive it flies;
To triumph or death,
They strode o'er the heath,
And sweet is the sleep that encircles their eyes.

On the breast of the brave melting beauty shall cling,
 And nobly for him the goblet be crown'd ;
 The feast shall be spread, and the harp's throbbing string
 Shall stream to his praise its magic around.
 Oh ! blest is the effort, and light is the toil,
 When we raise the bright spear for our dear native soil ;
 To triumph or death,
 We strode o'er the heath,
 To fight for our country, or die with a smile.

BUY A BROOM.

MUSIC BY BISHOP.

Buy a broom ! buy a broom !
 Buy a broom ! buy a broom !
 Large broom ! small broom ! buy, buy a broom !
 Buy a broom, &c.

No lady should e'er be without one ;
 They 're the handiest things in the world,
 When insects are buzzing about one,
 Or dust through the casement has curl'd.
 And what are the insects that flirt with the flowers,
 To those that flirt daily round beauty's bow'rs ?
 Or the dust on the polish'd piano that lies,
 To that which love throws into ladies' eyes ?
 Buy a broom, &c.

Come gentlemen too, while I 'm selling,
 Come, to purchase, in crowds you should rush,
 For in times such as these there 's no telling ;
 How soon 't will be prudence to brush.
 You 'll pardon the hint, 't was in kindness I spoke it,
 I 've a meaning beyond such a very old joke ;
 There are few in the world, I believe you will say,
 But have something or other they 'd fain sweep away.
 Buy a broom, &c.

BUTTERFLY, MOTH AND BEE.

MUSIC BY BARNETT.

BUTTERFLY.

LOVELY Moth and busy Bee,
 Come away and taste with me
 The pleasures of variety,
 Forever ranging ;

'Tis sweet on buoyant air to move,
O'er garden, valley, field, and grove,
To flirt, to trifle, and to rove,
Forever changing.

MOTH.

Butterfly and busy Bee,
By yon bright blaze go sport with me,
Feel its warmth, its splendor see,
Near it gently playing ;
Mark its rays as round we go,
We need not *touch* the flame, you know,
At pleasures call our bosoms glow,
Haste her call obeying.

BEE.

Butterfly and Moth so fair,
Silly, Idle, thoughtless pair,
Stay, and know, the deepest snare
Assumes the form of pleasure ;
Some daily duty seek, like me,
For ah ! be sure that industry
To ev'ry one alike, will be
A safeguard and a treasure.

MORAL.

See, ah, see, yon cruel boy,
The gaudy Butterfly destroy,
And, victim to delusive joy,
The Moth expires in flame ;
The Bee, still cheerful, busy, gay,
Renews its toil from day to day,
'Tis industry that points the way
To virtue and to fame.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

SCOTTISH MELODY, WRITTEN BY JAMES HOGG.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE BY N. GOW, JUN.

CAN' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel, or banks of the Garry ?
Saw ye my lad wi' his bonnet an' white cockade,
Leaving his mountains to follow Prince Charlie ?

Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?
 Lang thou hast loved and trusted us fairly,
 Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
 King of the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie!

I ha'e but ae son, my brave young Donald;
 But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry;
 Health to M'Donald and gallant Clan-Ronald,
 For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.
 Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them;
 Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;
 Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field wi' them;
 They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.
 Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the whigamore.
 Loyal true Highlanders, down with rarely;
 Ronald and Donald drive on wi' the braid claymore,
 Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie.
 Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

BIDE YE YET.

MUSIC ARRANGED BY MR. DEWAR.—SUNG BY MR. MACKAY.

GIN I had a wee house, an' a canty wee fire,
 An' a bonnie wee wifie to praise an' admire,
 Wi' a bonnie wee yardie aside a wee burn,
 Fareweel to the bodies that yaumer an' mourn.
 Sae bide ye yet, an' bide ye yet,
 Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet;
 Some bonnie wee body may fa' to my lot,
 An' I'll aye be canty we thinkin' o't.

When I gang a-field, an' come hame at e'en,
 I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat an' fu' clean,
 Wi' a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
 That'll cry papa or dady to me.
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

An' if there should ever happen to be
 A difference atween my wee wifie an' me,
 In hearty good humour, although she be teased,
 I'll kiss her an' clap her until she be pleased.
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

BONAPARTE'S FAREWELL.

WORDS BY BYRON.

Air—' Captain O'Kean.'

ELL to the land, where the gloom of my glory
 e and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name,—
 undons me now,—but the page of her story,
 brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
 warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
 n the meteor of Conquest allur'd me too far,—
 coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
 last single captive to millions in war!

ll to thee, France—when thy diadem crown'd me,
 le thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
 ' weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
 yed in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
 ' the veteran hearts that were wasted
 rife with the storm, when their battles were won,—
 he eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
 still soar'd with eyes fixed on Victory's sun!

ll to thee, France—but when liberty rallies
 more in thy regions, remember me then—
 let grows in the depth of thy valleys,
 ough withered, thy tears will unfold it again.
 t, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
 yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
 re links which must break in the chain that has bound us;
 . turn thee, and call on the chief of thy choice!

CUPID'S VISIT.

WORDS BY WEIR. MUSIC BY F. W. CROUCH.

Love wand'ring thro' the rain,
 ' Came to my cottage door;
 He ask'd but to remain
 Until the storm was o'er.
 His bow he laid aside;
 He said his darts were gone;
 And oft he deeply sighed,
 And wished to travel on

The moon at length grew bright ;
The storms no longer blew ;
He rose and bade good night,
And with a smile withdrew.
Next day my heart was sad,
Nor could I e'er forget
The mournful look he had
When at the door we met.

The smile at parting too,
Had something sweet and kind ;
And as the boy withdrew,
His image stayed behind.
And ever since that hour,
When loud 's the wind and rain,
I watch my cottage door,
In hopes he 'll come again.

CHEROKEE INDIAN DEATH SONG.

WORDS BY MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, ye tormenters ! your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow ;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
Why so slow ? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain ?
No ! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame rises fast ; ye exult in my pain :
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone :
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes like a friend, to relieve me from pain ;
And thy son, O Alknomook ! has scorned to complain !

COOLUN.

O the hours I have pass'd in the arms of my dear,
Can never be thought of but with a sad tear!
Oh forbear! oh forbear! then, to mention her name,
It recalls to my mem'ry the cause of my pain.

How often to love me she fondly has sworn,
And when parted from me would ne'er cease to mourn,
All hardships for me she would cheerfully bear,
And at night on my bosom forget all her care.

To some distant climate together we'll roam,
And forget all the hardships we meet with at home;
Fate, now be propitious, and grant me thine aid,
Give me my Pastora, I'm more than repaid.

COME TO THY LATTICE.

MUSIC BY R. EVANS.

COME to thy lattice, the stars are bright,
Fairest one, hasten and see
Thy own true lover, and hear him plight
His tenderest vows to thee;
The silver moon displays her beams,
And Philomel warbling sweetly sings,
Haste, lovely maiden, the hour seems
To pause in his flight, to rest his wings.
Then come to thy lattice, &c.

Oh, wake to the gaily tinkling lute,
Or thy lover's light guitar,
Wake to the strains of the dulcet flute,
That are warbling from afar;
I've cull'd for thee each sweetest flower,
The woodbine and the rose,
The jessamine from yonder bower,
And each fair bud that blows.
Then wake to the gaily, &c.

Now see, she answers the soft appeals
 Her lover has fondly made,
 And quickly to her casement steals,
 To echo the vows he paid;
 'Ah! ah! I've caught you, lady gay,'
 Said Cupid from above,
 'Music and flowers they always say,
 May win fair lady's love.'
 Now see she answers, &c. ♫

CAVATINA.

Adapted to the celebrated Italian Air, *La Voce del Culo sento Io*.

DID 'ST mark her eye's bright heav'nly blue,
 So lovely and so dangerous too?
 Oh, should it fix on you a glance,
 'T would raise your soul in heav'nly trance.

Bright beaming,
 Sweet gleaming,
 And melting in bliss;
 Oh, if there 's a heaven,
 There 's heaven in this.

And then her lips
 Sweet nectar sips, .
 Her lovely smile
 All griefs beguile,
 She 's light and airy
 As any fairy,
 Her lovely form
 Might angels warm,
 And half forget their pristine glory.

Oh! what pleasure,
 Without measure,
 Such a treasure
 To possess;
 Oh! what joy,
 Without alloy,
 The nymph so coy
 To caress.
 Bright beaming, &c. .

DEATH OF MARY.

WRITTEN BY WOLFE.

Air—'Grammachree.'

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
 I might not weep for thee ;
 But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou couldst mortal be :
 It never through my mind had passed,
 That time would e'er be o'er,—
 When I on thee should look my last,
 And thou should'st smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 't will smile again ;
 And still the thought I will not brook,
 That I must look in vain ;
 But when I speak, thou dost not say
 What thou ne'er left 'st unsaid,
 And now I feel as well I may,
 Sweet Mary—thou art dead !

Could I but keep thee as thou art,
 All cold and all serene,
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been.
 Whilst even thy chill bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own ;—
 But there—I lay thee in thy grave,
 And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me ;
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
 By thinking still on thee.
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light, ne'er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore.

DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND !

POETRY BY J. E. PLANCHE. ARRANGED BY G. HERBERT BODWELL.

SUNG BY MR. SINCLAIR.

DRAW the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland !
 Over mountain and moor hath passed the war-sign :
 The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing,
 Who heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine.
 The clans they are gath'ring; gath'ring, gath'ring,
 The clans they are gath'ring by loch and by lea ;
 The banners they are flying, flying, flying,
 The banners they are flying that lead to victory
 Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland !
 Charge as ye 've charged in the days o' langsyne ;
 Sound to the onset, the onset, the onset,
 He who but falters is nae son o' thine.

Sheathe the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland !
 Sheathe the sword, Scotland, for dimmed is its shine ;
 The foemen are fleeing, fleeing, fleeing,
 And wha kens nae mercy is nae son o' thine !
 The struggle is over, over, over,
 The struggle is over !—the victory won !—
 There are tears for the fallen, the fallen, the fallen,
 And glory for all who their duty have done !
 Sheathe the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland !
 With thy loved thistle new laurels entwine ;
 Time shall ne'er part them, part them, part them,
 But hand down the garland to each son o' thine.

EACH SEASON POSSESSES A PLEASURE.

MUSIC BY BISHOP.

EACH season possesses a pleasure for me ;
 I mark not time's progress when gazing on thee ;
 But if I must single out one from the rest,
 I think that for lovers the Summer is best.

Spring mornings are pretty when Zephyrs fly forth
 To scatter sweet blossoms all over the earth ;
But Spring smiles too often with snow on her breast,
So I think that for lovers the Summer is best.

he Autumn is gay with the gold of her sheaves,
The blush of her fruits and the tint of her leaves;
But her sun hastens daily more soon to the west,
So I think that for lovers the Summer is best.

The Winter is merry in festival halls,
But false are the garlands that hang on his walls;
And 't is not in crowds that the heart is most blest,
So I think that for lovers the Summer is best.

ENSHRINED IN THE BOSOM OF LOVE.

WORDS BY MISS BRYANT.

Air—'The sun its bright rays may withhold, love.'

THE thought that for ever thou 'rt mine, love,
Dispels ev'ry doubt from this heart;
Let the wreath of affection still twine, love,
Too firm e'en for ages to part.
For what is the world without thee, dear?
A desert wherever I rove;
Then, ah! long may our best feelings be, dear,
Enshrined in the bosom of Love.

Though flow'rets may bloom fresh and fair, love,
All nature look beauteous and gay,
Still the world would seem clouded with care, love,
If Heaven should take thee away.
Then let's seize on young Joy while we may, dear,
Too soon his soft visions may rove;
Though for ever should happiness play, dear,
Enshrined in the bosom of Love.

THE EXILE.

WORDS BY JESSE HAMMOND.

Air—'Ye banks and bras.'

MY native vale and native bowers
Still look green in fancy's eye,
And life's gay morning, strewed with flowers,
Breaks again at Memory's sigh.

For though an exile, doom'd to wander,
 Still I'm bound in fancy's spell,
 And each past scene now strikes the fonder
 Hallow'd by a long farewell.

I see the streamlet sweetly flowing
 Its ripples murmur on my ear,
 The wild-rose on its banks seems blowing
 Full as bright in fancy here.
 For though an exile, &c.

I heard the bells their wild-notes flinging
 On the breeze that passes by,
 Long-departed visions bringing
 On their tender melody.
 For though an exile, &c.

Fond compassions, faded pleasures,
 Seem again to thrill my breast,
 As I hear in sweetest measures
 Tones that long have sunk to rest.
 For though an exile, &c.

Lovely vale ! though I may never
 See thy bow'rs, or hear thy stream,
 Though hope has bid adieu for ever
 To youth and love's delightful dream.
 And though far distant doom'd to wander,
 Still I'm bound in fancy's spell,
 And each past scene now strikes the fonder
 Hallow'd by a long farewell !

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

Air—'Savourna Delish.'

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and ~~chill~~;
 For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight ~~repairing~~
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

It is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh.

O Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
O, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
O cruel Fate ! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me ?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me ;
They died to defend me, or live to deplore

Where now is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood ?
Fathers and sire ! did ye weep for its fall ;
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ?
And where is my bosom friend, dearer than all ?
O my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast fading treasure ?
Fears, like the rain, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

And all its fond recollections suppressing,
The dying wish my lone bosom can draw ;
O, an Exile bequeaths thee his blessing !
And of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh.
Cried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the ocean,
Let thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin mavournin, sweet Erin go bragh !

FORGET ME NOT.

MUSIC BY BRAHAM.

Go, youth beloved, to distant glades,
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find ;
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
My love, my fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot ;
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
Forget me not ! forget me not !

Yet should the cause of my distress
 Too painful to thy feelings be,
 Heed not the wish I now express,
 Or ever deign to think of me :
 But, ah ! if grief thy steps attend,
 If want, if sickness be thy lot,
 And thou requir'st a faithful friend,
 Forget me not ! forget me not !

FAREWELL DEAREST.

Air—'Maid of Isla.'

FAREWELL, dearest, I must leave thee,
 Ay, unclasp those lovely hands ;
 Let not Cupid's smiles deceive thee,
 Men oft break through Cupid's bands.
 Ah ! must I go ?
 Love whispers no ;
 But go I must, and go I shall ;
 Then fare-thee-well,
 And may no ill
 Upon thee ever sorrow call.

Happy, love, have been the few days
 You and I have sported here ;
 Those soft eyes and lips like rubies,
 Fix my flutt'ring heart, my dear.
 But I must go ;—
 Ah ! say not no ;
 When fortune calls I must obey ;
 Then, oh ! farewell,
 And may love dwell,
 Still here with thee when I'm away.

Fate decrees that we must sever,
 Fate still claims its wonted sway,
 Yet shall I forget thee never,
 Though to foreign climes I stray.
 A wandering boy,
 That ne'er knew joy ;
 Born to be wretched, love, was I ;
 Once more farewell,
 Where'er I dwell,
 I'll think I see thine image nigh.

FRIENDSHIP MAY BE SWEET.

Duet.—MUSIC BY PARRY.

FRIENDSHIP may be sweet,
 And who its links would sever?
 Better ne'er to meet
 Than part in tears forever.
 Would we ne'er had met,
 Had thus kindly spoken;
 Pleasure's star is set,
 And childhood's dream is broken.
 Friendship may, &c.

Friendship may be sweet,
 But all its bonds must sever;
 Better ne'er to meet
 Than part in tears forever.
 Hearts all bless'd may prove,
 To share each other's gladness;
 Better not to love,
 Than love apart in sadness.
 Friendship may, &c.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL.

GLOOMY winter's now awa',
 Saft the westlin breezes blow:
 'Mang the birks o' Stanely-shaw
 The mavis sings fu' cheerie-o
 Sweet the craw-flowers early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
 My young, my artless dearie-o.

Come my lassie, let us stray,
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blithely spend the gowden day
 Midst joys that never wearie-o.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lavrocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
 Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
 Adorn the banks sae brierie-o.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry brekans fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheerie-o.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie-o.

GOOD NIGHT, AN' JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

WRITTEN BY SIR A. BOSWELL.

Good night, and joy be wi' ye a';
 Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart:
 May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw;
 In sorrow may ye never part!
 My spirit lives, but strength is gone;
 The mountain fires now blaze in vain:
 Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
 And in your deeds I'll live again!

When on your muir our gallant clan
 Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
 Wha show'd himself a better man,
 Or fiercer wav'd the red claymore?
 But when in peace—then mark me there—
 When through the glen the wand'rer came,
 I gave him of our lordly fare,
 I gave him here a welcome hame

The auld will speak, the young maun hear;
 Be cantie, but be good and leal;
 Your ain ills ay hae heart to bear,
 Anither's ay hae heart to feel.
 So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
 I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
 My parting breath shall boast you mine—
 Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

HARK, HARK, THE SKYLARK.

ADAPTED TO THE WELSH AIR—'THE RISING OF THE LARK.'

HARK ! hark ! the skylark singing,
As the early clouds are bringing
Fragrance on their wings ;
Still, still on high he 's soaring,
Through the liquid haze exploring—
Fainter now he sings.
Where the purple dawn is breaking,
Swift approaches morning's ray,—
From his wings the dew he 's shaking,
As he joyful hails the day ;
While Echo, from his slumbers waking,
Imitates his lay.

See ! see ! the ruddy morning
With his blushing looks adorning
Mountain, wood, and vale,
Clear, clear the dew-drops glancing,
As the rising sun's advancing
O'er yon eastern hill.
Now the distant summit's clearing,
As the vapors steal their way ;
And its heath-clad breast 's appearing,
Tinged with Phœbus' golden ray ;
Far down the glen the black-bird's cheering
Morning with his lay.

Come ! come ! let us be straying,
Where the hazel boughs are playing
O'er yon summit gray ;
Mild, mild the breeze is blowing,
And the crystal streamlet's flowing
Gently on its way ;
On its banks the wild rose springing,
Blushing in the sunny ray,
Wet with dew its head is hanging,
Bending low the prickly spray ;—
Then haste, my love, while birds are singing
To the new-born day.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

WORDS BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HAIL to the chief who in triumph advances !
 Honor'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine !
 Long may the Tree in his banner that glances,
 Flourish the shelter and grace of our line !
 Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gaily to burgeon, and broadly to grow,
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back again,
 ' Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ;
 When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the mountain
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
 Moor'd in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow ;
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise agen,
 ' Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !'

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
 And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied ;
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
 And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
 Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with wo ;
 Lennox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear agen,
 ' Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !'

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine !
 O ! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !
 O that some seedling-gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honor'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow !
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from her deepest glen,
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HENRY'S COTTAGE MAID.

AH ! where can fly my soul's true love ?
 Sad I wander this lone grove ;
 Sighs and tears for him I shed,
 Henry is from Laura fled.
 Thy love to me thou didst impart,
 Thy love soon won my virgin heart,
 But, dearest Henry, thou 'st betray'd
 Thy love with thy poor cottage maid.

Through the vale my grief appears,
 Sighing sad, with pearly tears ;
 Oft thy image is my theme,
 As I wander on the green :
 See from my cheek the color flies
 And love's sweet hope within me dies :
 For oh ! dear Henry thou 'st betray'd
 Thy love with thy dear cottage maid.

I AM TWINING.

MUSIC BY RAWLINGS.

I AM twining, I am twining,
 The flowers of the lea ;
 They are pining they are pining
 For sweetness from thee.
 Oh ; breathe o'er them lightly,
 'T will make them more rare ;
 Oh ! gaze on them brightly,
 'T will make them more fair.
 I am twining, &c.

They were sleeping, they were sleeping,
 With the dews on the plain ;
 They are weeping, they are weeping,
 For home, love, again.
 Then take them and cherish,
 The flow'rs of the lea :
 They never can perish,
 Whilst treasured by thee.
 They are sleeping, &c.

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 For home, love, again.
 Then take them and cherish,
 The flow'rs of the lea :
 They never can perish,
 Whilst treasured by thee.
 They are sleeping, &c.

I'LL WATCH FOR THEE FROM MY LONELY BOWER.

MUSIC BY SIR J. STEVENSON.

I'LL watch for thee from my lonely bow'r
 Come o'er the sea at the twilight hour,
 Come when the day passes away,
 Come when the nightingale sings on the tree,
 Come and remove doubts of my love,
 But if thou lov'st me not come not to me.

Why didst thou say I was brighter far,
 Than the bright ray of the ev'ning star?
 Why didst come seeking my home,
 'Till I believ'd that thy vows were sincere?
 Oh! if thy vow wearies thee now,
 Tho' I may weep for thee, never come here.
 I'll watch for thee, &c.

I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

SUNG BY MISS STEPHENS AND MISS PATON.—WORDS BY MACNEILL.

Air—'My Lodging is on the cold Ground.

I LO'ED ne'er a laddie but ane,
 He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me;
 He's willing to mak me his ain,
 And his ain I'm willing to be:
 He has coft me a rokelay o' blue,
 And a pair o' mittins o' green;
 The price was a kiss o' my mou',
 And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
 Their land and their lordlie degree;
 I carena for ought but my dear,
 For he's ilka thing lordlie to me:
 His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet!
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa;
 I listen—poor fool!—and I greët,
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

IN HAPPIER HOURS.

POETRY BY T. H. BAYLEY, ESQ.—GERMAN AIR.

ARRANGED BY H. R. BISHOP.

IN happier hours, my pleasure all day
Was to rove with the thoughtless, or dance with the gay ;
Through life as I sported, no clouds could I see,
And the hearts that were gayest, were dearest to me.
But now, in affliction, how changed is the view,
The gay hearts are many—sincere ones are few.*

Though some come around us to laugh and to jest,
In sickness or sorrow they shrink from the test ;
Their love and their friendship endure for awhile,
When fortune is smiling, they also can smile ;
Like blossoms that wither when day-light is gone,
And lose all their sweetness when out of the sun.

But thou, in my sorrow, still faithfully came,
And though I am altered, I find you the same ;
Whene'er you come near me no pleasure you find,
But always leave something like pleasure behind.
Like the night-blowing seris, which sheds its perfume,
And opens its blossoms midst darkness and gloom.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE-THEE-WELL !

BY THOMAS H. BAYLY, ESQ

The Melody composed by Charles S. Whitmore, Esq. The Symphonies
and Accompaniments by J. A. Rawlings.

SHADES of evening ! close not o'er us !
Leave our lonely bark awhile !
Morn, alas ! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle.
Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friend may dwell ;—
Darker shadows round us hover—
Isle of beauty ! fare-thee-well !

'T is the hour when happy faces
 Smile around the taper's light;—
 Who will fill our vacant places?
 Who will sing our songs to-night?
 Through the mist that floats above us,
 Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
 Like a voice from those who love us,
 Breathing fondly, 'Fare-thee-well!'

When the waves are round me breaking,
 As I pace the deck alone,
 And my eye in vain is seeking
 Some green leaf to rest upon,—
 What would I not give to wander
 Where my old companions dwell;
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder;—
 Isle of beauty! fare-thee-well!

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

WORDS BY BURNS.—MUSIC BY DR. JOHN CLARKE.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
 'T was not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses, wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white,
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
 She charmed my soul, I wistna how;
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

I'LL BE A BACHELOR—NEVER.

WRITTEN BY D. WEIR.

Air—'A Highland laddie heard of war.'

THE night was dark, the winds blew loud,
 My fire by fits was blinking;
 Says I I'm almost forty-five,
 And what have I been thinking.
 Then shall I wed, or shall I not,
 Shall I be lonely ever;
 And spurn great nature's noblest law?
 I'll be a bachelor—never.

A bachelor! such a useless thing,
 The world is not possessing;
 None shares the blank within his heart,
 To none he is a blessing.
 If he has wealth some wish him dead,
 If poor he's shun'd forever;
 Ev'n riches cannot purchase bliss,
 I'll be a bachelor—never.

Was lovely woman not design'd,
 To share our joy or sorrow:
 To bathe the burning brow of care,
 To cheer the light of morrow?
 But bachelors alter nature's laws,
 Her dearest ties they sever;
 No children lisp around his knee,
 I'll be a bachelor—never.

They speak of joys the bachelor knows,
 When wine is flowing round them;
 But mark him when the morning dawns,
 What dismal thoughts confound him.
 A pair of tongs without a leg,
 The snuffers without either!
 Are not more useless in their way,
 I'll be a bachelor—never.

I'VE BEEN WITHIN THIS WARL O' CARE.

WRITTEN BY D. WEIR.

Air—' Whistle o'er the lave o't.'

I 've been within this warl o' care,
 Some forty summers now an' mair,
 An' I o' grief hae had my share ;
 But whistle o'er the lave o't.

The heart wad tyne if hope gaed bye,
 Nor rais'd her bright bow in the sky,
 To cheer a bodie's weeping eye :
 But whistle o'er the lave o't.

But O ! it's unco sair to bear,
 When dark misfortune 's hovering near,
 The purse proud look, the haughty sneer :
 But whistle o'er the lave o't.

'Tis then your sunshine friends grow cool,
 An' fin' at length you were a fool,
 But what o' that ye just maun snool :
 But whistle o'er the lave o't.

Then brithers try the villain's part,
 An' tear the bleeding broken heart,
 Nor grieve to see the tear-drop start :
 But whistle o'er the lave o't.

The man o' wealth we 've seen to day,
 In a' his glory proudly gay,
 The morn has seen him pass away :
 But whistle o'er the lave o't.

I care na for mysel ava,
 But I hae barnies three an' twa,
 Wha aye were unco snood an' braw ;
 But whistle o'er the lave o't.

They hae a mother unco kind,
 I hae a wifie to my mind,
 So I maun just some comfort find :
 An' whistle o'er the lave o't.

LOGAN WATER.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul delightless a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie, hame to Logan braes!

LAND OF MY SIRE.

MUSIC BY LINLEY.

RECITATIVE.

LAND of my sires ! torn from home and thee,
When now the torch of freedom gleams along thy wave,
Hear a captive's prayer, shades of the fallen brave !
Give me a glorious death, but set my country free !

AIR.

These chains shall soon be broken,
At the trumpet's joyful note,
And the standard of the cross above
The Turkish banner float.
From hill to valley rushing,
Dark seas of blood shall flow,
Ere our blades be tamely sheath'd against
The infidel and foe !

With the cry of freedom sounding,
Far across th' Ægean wave,
And the glory of Thermopylæ
Fresh rising from the grave,
Shall we basely die in chains,
Who wear the Harmodius' sword ?
And tho' fettered, yet unconquer'd,
Own the Ottoman our lord ?

No ! our sons are brave and valiant,
As their sires were of yore ;
And the beacon of Leonidas
Shines brightly as before !
We may perish in the strife,
But in our struggle to be free,
Shall be graven on our swords, and hearts,
'For Greece and liberty !'

LOVE FROM THE HEART.

SUNG BY MISS LOVE IN 'GIOVANNI IN LONDON.'

Yes, I will leave my father's halls,
 To roam along with thee ;
 Adieu, adieu, my native walls,
 To other scenes I flee.
 Yes, we will seek the silent glade,
 When we have strayed afar,
 And you shall play, my dearest maid,
 Songs on your light guitar.

Love, gentle love, shall be our guide
 To a far distant land,
 And whether bliss or wo betide,
 This heart you shall command.
 I'll tell you tales of olden years—
 Of hapless love or war;
 But should they cause you pearly tears,
 Then sound the gay guitar.

LOCH-NA-GARR.

WORDS BY BYRON.—MUSIC BY MRS. GIBSON.

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
 In you let the minions of luxury rove ;
 Restore me the rocks where the snow flake reposes,
 For still they are sacred to freedom and love.
 Yet, Caledonia, dear are thy mountains,
 Round their white summits tho' elements war,
 Tho' cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-garr.

Ah ! there my young footings in infancy wander'd ;
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid ;
 On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
 As daily I stray'd through the pine-cover'd glade.
 I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star,
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
 Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch-na-garr.

I conceive—ah, verily,
That I'm assailed most grievously;
And used by Ruth most ruthlessly—
Heigho! heigho!

My heart by Cupid's fiercely smote—
Heigho! Heigho!
And rent in twain like Joseph's coat—
Heigho! heigho!
Love has caught me in a snare,
Wicked Ruth scorns my despair;
Though fair herself, don't use me fair—
Heigho! heigho!

As young lambkins frisk and play—
Heigho! heigho!
Ruth and I have toy'd all day—
Heigho! heigho!
She now disdains to cast one look
On me—alas! it is no joke,
My peace should be to pieces broke—
Heigho! heigho!

The joys of earth I'll bid adieu—
Heigho! heigho!
Leave Ruth to find a swain more true;
Heigho! heigho!
I'll seek some shady grove straightway,
And there, alas! and lack-a-day!
Beneath some pine I'll pine away—
Heigho! heigho!

MEDORA'S SONG.

FROM LORD BYRON'S POEM OF 'THE CORSAIR.'—MUSIC BY R. A. SMITH

DEEP in my soul that tender secret dwells,
Lonely and lost to light for evermore.
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
Then trembles into silence as before.
There in its centre—a sepulchral lamp—
Burns the slow flame eternal—but unseen;
Which not the darkness of despair can damp,
Though vain its ray as it had never been.

Remember me—oh! pass not thou my grave
Without one thought whose relics there recline:
The only pang my bosom dare not brave,
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

My fondest—faintest—latest—accents hear :
 Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove ;
 Then give me all I ever asked—a tear,
 The first—last—sole reward of so much love !

MARY'S DREAM.

WRITTEN BY LOWE.

THE lovely moon had climbed the hill
 Where eagles big aboon the Dee,
 And like the looks of a lovely dame,
 Brought joy to every body's ee ;
 A' but sweet Mary, deep in sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandie far at sea ;
 A voice drapt saftly on her ear,
 ' Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me !'

She lifted up her waukening een,
 To see from whence the voice might be,
 And there she saw her Sandie stand,
 Pale, bending on her hallow ee !
 ' O Mary, dear, lament nae mair,
 I 'm in death's thraws below the sea ;
 Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me !

' The wind slept when we left the bay,
 But soon it waked and raised the main,
 And God he bore us down the deep,
 Who strave wi' him but strave in vain !
 He stretch'd his arm, and took me up,
 Tho' laith I was to gang but thee :
 I look frae heaven aboon the storm,
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me !

' Take aff thae bride sheets frae thy bed
 Which thou hast faulded down for me ;
 Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—
 I 'll meet wi' thee in heaven hie.'
 Three times the gray cock flapt his wing,
 To mark the morning lift her ee,
 And thrice the passing spirit said,
 ' Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me !'

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.

WORDS BY GALL.

THY cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie, O,
Thy neck is like the siller dew,
Upon the banks sae brierie, O;
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
O sweet 's the twinkle o' thine e'e!
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me
My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
It's sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O,
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to make it eerie, O;
But little kens the sangster sweet,
Aught o' the cares I ha'e to meet,
That gar my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O:
Aft I would chase thee o'er the lea,
And round about the thorny tree,
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie, O.

I ha'e a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;
I wish thou wert forever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O:
Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nor ither warldly care wad ha'e,
Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
My only jo and dearie, O.

MY NATIVE STREAM.

WORDS BY D. WEIR.

Flow on, flow on, my native stream,
As once in childhood's day,
For thy soft murmuring wakes the dream
Which long in silence lay.
I think on days that once were mine
When wandering free from care;
And while their hours in brightness shine,
All, all but youth is there!

Flow on, flow on, thy gentle tide,
As peaceful moves along,
As when the blackbird by thy side,
First pour'd for me his song.
The daisy and the primrose too,
Are budding yet as fair;
I see each scene which childhood knew,
And all but youth is there.

Flow on, flow on, thy murmuring stream
First heard my tale of love,
When o'er thy face the moon's pale beam
Was trembling from above:
Those hours are gone—yet, still the same
Thy sunny banks appear;
And 'midst remembrance of her name,
All, all but youth is there.

Flow on, flow on, my native stream,
For many a heart is still,
That sported with me, when the beam
Of summer deck'd the hill.
For them in vain the sweet birds sing,
And flowers perfume the air,
And memory droops her airy wing,
For all but youth is there.

MY BONNY BLUE-EYED MAID.

WORDS BY JESSE HAMMOND.

Air—'Bonny Bet, sweet blossom.

LET others brave the battle field,
 In hopes to shine in martial story;
 To fond affection I would yield
 The hero's palm of fame and glory.
 Give me the vale where peace invites me,
 Give me the scene where love delights me;
 Give me the bow'r where birds sing o'er me,
 And sweetest flow'rets bloom before me,
 Give me my girl,—O, Fate! restore me,—
 My bonny blue-eyed maid.

Let others trace the trackless main
 For vain ambition, or for treasure;
 But wealth and honor I disdain
 When love allures to softer pleasure.
 Give me the streamlet, sweetly playing
 Around the path where she is straying;
 Give the bow'r where first I found her,
 And the wreath with which I crown'd her,
 Brighter than roses blushing round her,
 My bonny blue-eyed maid.

Let others join the giddy train,
 And smile 'mid gaudy pomp and splendor,
 Their tinsel joys would tempt in vain,
 While I have joys more true and tender.
 Give me the breeze that whispers nigh her,
 Give me the brook that murmurs by her;
 Give me her smile, and I will never
 From birds, or brook, or bosom sever,
 But on her bosom sigh forever,
 My bonny blue-eyed maid.

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

RECITATION.—BY JESSE HAMMOND.

I REMEMBER the night was stormy and wet,
 And dismally dash'd the dark wave,
 While the rain and the sleet
 Cold and heavily beat
 On the Mariner's new-dug grave.

I remember 't was down in a darksome dale,
 And near to a dreary cave,
 Where the wild winds wail
 Round the wanderer pale,
 That I saw the Mariner's grave.

I remember how slowly the bearers trod,
 And how sad was the look they gave,
 As they rested their load
 Near its last abode,
 And gazed on the Mariner's grave.

I remember no sound did the silence break,
 As the corpse to the earth they gave,
 Save the night-bird's shriek,
 And the coffin's creak
 As it sunk in the Mariner's grave.

I remember a tear that slowly slid
 Down the cheek of a messmate brave,
 It fell on the lid,
 And soon was hid,
 For clos'd was the Mariner's grave.

Now o'er his lone bed the brier creeps,
 And the wild flow'rs mournfully wave,
 And the willow weeps,
 And the moon-beam sleeps,
 On the Mariner's silent grave

NATIVE LAND.

WORDS BY MARY ANN BROWNE.

Air—Oh! no, we never mention her.

THEY bore him from his barren shore,
 The country of his birth;
 From leafless wastes and icefields hoar,
 And all most loved on earth.
 They asked him but to leave his tribe,
 And then he should command
 Riches and wealth—and for that bribe
 He left his native land.

They showed him sunny islands spread
 Beneath unclouded skies,
 Where orange groves hung overhead,
 And glance the bright fire-flies:

They carried him to beauteous bowers,
By fragrant breezes fann'd :
What car'd he for their trees and flowers?
'T was not his native land !

On through the waters flew the bark,
And Albion's white cliffs rose ;
He would have been more glad to mark
The glare of his own snows.
And many a blithe and joyous sound
Came from the crowded strand ;
But coldly glanced his eye around,—
'T was not his native land !

Strangers were kind to him, and tried,
Vainly, to make him blest ;
But all their efforts he defied—
His bosom knew no rest.
He saw a mother fondly kiss
The infant in her hand,
And anguish wrung his heart, for his
Was in his native land.

There is an innate feeling clings,
Around our human clay ;
A fondness for familiar things,
That will not wear away :
But oft consumes the heart it keeps
Turned in its deathless band ;
Even so was his, and now he sleeps
Far from his native land.

ONCE MORE MY BARK.

WORDS BY JAMES SMITH.—MUSIC BY DR. NEYDAR.

ONCE more my bark will cross the seas,
And o'er the ocean wander ;
Her sails shall be spread to the sweeping breeze—
On my native shore I'll land her.

I shall leave these climes where is no rest,
My native land once more to see ;—
I come o'er the ocean's watery breast,
Land of freedom ! to dwell in thee.

I live in an unlightened soil—
 A kingdom of dark slavery—
 Through snares and dangers I shall toil,
 Land of freedom! to dwell in thee.

I'll hurry away o'er the stormy main—
 Through the billows of the turbulent sea;
 I have burst my fetters and heavy chain,
 Land of freedom! to dwell in thee.

So my bark once more will cross the seas,
 And o'er the ocean wander;—
 Her sails shall be spread to the sweeping breeze,—
 On my native shore I'll land her.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

Of a' the airts the wind can blow,
 I dearly lo'e the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best.
 Though wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
 Wi' mony a hill between,
 Baith day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flower,
 Sae lovely, sweet, and fair;
 I hear her voice in ilka bird,
 Wi' music charm the air:
 There's no a bonnie flower that springs,
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

O! 'T IS SWEET WHEN THE MOON.

WORDS BY D. WEIR.

Air— 'My lodging is on the cold ground.'

O! 'T IS SWEET when the moon with its silvery light
 In its azure path shines through the sky;
 And sheds all its glory afar, when the night
 Has spread its dark mantle on high:

en when the breezes blow soft on the stream,
 the murmurs of night meet the ear,
 light on the days of our childhood to dream,
 to think of the maid that is dear.

s sweet! and who that has known can forget
 the charms of the night's lovely hour,
 wandering that moment—perchance may have met
 he loved, in the moon-lighted bower?
 hat bower is remember'd wherever he goes,
 its moonlight can ne'er fade away;
 m and in sunshine forever it glows,
 breaks through the brightness of day.

! SAY NOT PLEASURE WAITS ON LOVE.

Air—' Banks and braes o' bonny Doon.'

OH! say not pleasure waits on love,
 The foremost of her varied train;
 Oh! say not that 't is sweet to love—
 I love, and yet feel nought but pain.
 Yet still I'll love, whate'er betide,
 And if a single joy there be,
 'Tis fondly cherished in the pride,
 The grateful pride of loving thee.

O! SOFTLY SLEEP, MY BABY BOY.

MUSIC BY R. A. SMITH.

O! softly sleep, my baby boy,
 Rock'd by the mountain wind;
 Thou dream'st not of a lover false,
 Nor of a world unkind.

O! sweetly sleep, my baby boy,
 Thy mother guards thy rest;
 Thy fairy clasp, my little joy,
 Shall soothe her aching breast.

Wake, wake, and smile, my baby boy,
 My heavy heart to cheer:
 The wint'ry blast howls on the hill,
 The leaf grows red and sear.

Oh! tell me, tell me, baby boy,
 How shall I bear thy cry,
 When hunger gnaws thy little heart,
 And death lights on thine eye?

Oh! waa it meet, my baby boy,
 That thou such weal should dree?
 Sweet Heaven forgive thy father false,
 His wrongs to thee and me.

ON THIS COLD FLINTY ROCK.

MUSIC BY BRAHAM.

On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head,
 And cheerfully sing thro' the night;
 The moon shall smile sweetly upon my cold bed,
 And the stars shall shine forth to give light.

Then come to me, come to me; wail not nor weep;
 O turn thy sweet eyes unto me;
 To my bosom now creep, I will sing thee to sleep,
 And kiss from thy lids the salt tear.

This innocent flower which these rude cliffs unfold,
 Is thou, love, the joy of this earth:
 But the rock that it springs from, so flinty and cold,
 Is thy father that gave thee thy birth.
 Then come to me, &c.

The dews that now hang on the cheek of the eve,
 And the winds that so mournfully cry,
 Are the sighs and the tears of the youth thou must leave,
 To lie down in those deserts to die.
 Then come to me, &c.

O JEANIE THERE'S NAETHING TO FEAR YE.

O! my lassie our joy to complete again,
 Meet me again in the gloamin' my dearie:
 Low down i' the dell let us meet again,
 O! Jeanie there's naething to fear ye:
 Come when the wee bat flits silent an' eerie:
 Come when the pale face o' nature looks weary,
 Love be thy sure defence,
 Beauty and innocence—
 O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

Sweetly blows the haw an' the rowan tree,
 Wild roses speck our thicket so brierie ;
 Still, still will our bed in the greenwood be—
 O ! Jeanie there 's naething to fear ye :
 Note from the blackbird o' singing grows weary.
 List when the beetle bee's bugle comes near ye :
 Then come with fairy haste,
 Light foot an' beating breast—
 O ! Jeanie there 's naething to fear ye.

Far, far will the bogle and brownie be ;
 Beauty an' truth they darena come near it,
 Kind love is the tie of our unity ;
 A' maun love it an' a' maun revere it.
 Love makes the song o' the woodland sae cheerie,
 Love gars a' Nature look bonnie that 's near ye ;
 Love makes the rose sae sweet,
 Cowslip and violet—
 O ! Jeanie, there 's naething to fear ye.

O LET ME LOOK AROUND.

WORDS BY D. WEIR.

O LET me look around e're old age grows apace,
 An' the world begins to look dreary O,
 For some bonny lass I could tak in my arms,
 An' mak the fireside look cheery O.
 For this is the time, for this is the time,
 For this is the time to marry O ;
 While the beat of young love can soften the heart
 O this is the time to marry O.

In the heyday of youth when sorrow 's unknown,
 An' little has come to wound ye O.
 While the freshness of summer sits calm on the brow,
 Ah, then is the time to look round ye O.
 Ah this is the time, ah this is the time,
 Ah this is the time to look round ye O,
 When the freshness of summer sits calm on the brow,
 Ah this is the time to look round ye O.

Oh is it a time when our feelings grow cold,
 An' age our gray locks are unfolding O,
 Then the cradle we rock with one foot in the grave,
 An' the language of love is scolding O.

O is it a time, O is it a time,
 O is it a time to marry O?
 When the cradle we rock wi' one foot in the grave
 O is it a time to marry O?

Give me my ain lassie in some shady bower,
 When in heav'n the moon is shining O,
 I'll breathe out my vows and I'll make her my ain,
 Though the world should go a' repining O.
 For youth is the time, for youth is the time,
 For youth is the time to marry O;
 I'll breathe out my vows an' I'll make her my ain
 For youth is the time to marry O.

OF A' THE QUARTERS O' THE WARL'.

WRITTEN BY J. J. WILSON.

Air—'Of a' the airts.'

Of a' the quarters o' the warl',
 I dearly lo'e the North,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lass o' modest worth.

In bonnet straw she leuks sae braw,
 I ween there is na better,
 An' gin awhile ye catch her smile,
 Your hearts she'll fairly fetter.

On flowery braes, in russet claes,
 Wi' winsome grace she plays her,
 There's na' a tongue frae auld to young,
 That wad na deign to praise her.

The glittering lace an' painted face,
 May hide a ranc'rous feature,
 An' tho' ador'd will ill accord,
 Wi' ony charms o' nature.

When simmer sun his course has run,
 An' sunk upo' the billow,
 Her shining e'e is lighting me,
 To yonder drooping willow.

Whar burnie rins deep owre the lims,
 Wi' mony an angry sugh,
 An' fairies play upo' the brae,
 Bedeck'd wi' violets blue.

There happy rove in peace an' love,
While nature nods assent,
An' homeward stray at break o' day,
Wi' naething to repent.

H! WHEN I BREATH'D A LAST ADIEU.

Tune—' Within this village dwells a maid.'

OH! when I breath'd a last adieu
To Erin's vales and mountains blue,
Where nurs'd by hope my moments flew
In life's unclouded spring;
Tho' on the breezy deck reclin'd,
I listen'd to the rising wind,
What fetters could restrain the mind
That rov'd on Fancy's wing?

She bore me to the woodbine bow'r,
Where oft I pass'd the twilight hour,
Where first I felt love's thrilling pow'r,
From Kathleen's beaming eye:
Again I watch'd her flushing breast;
Her honey'd lip again was press'd;
Again, by sweet confession blest,
I drank each melting sigh.

Dost thou, Kathleen, my loss deplore,
And lone on Erin's emerald shore,
In memory trace the love I bore;
On all our transports dwell?
Can I forget the fatal day
That call'd me from thy arms away,
When nought was left me but to say
'Farewell, my love—farewell!'

QUIT NOT YET THE SHADY BOWER.

Voice.—Quit not yet the shady bow'r,
Life is chill and dreary,
'T will be long ere dawning hour,
And I, alas! am weary.
Voice.—Lady, tho' the night be chill,
And weeping skies bedew thee,
Climb, oh! climb this rocky hill,
Lest thy foes pursue thee.

1st Voice.—Cease, oh ! cease, thou gentle youth
Can my spirits fail me ?

Shielded thus by love and truth,
How should fears assail me.

2d Voice.—Lady, since the fall of night,
Far have we been roaming ;
Lady, e'er the morning beam,
Many a mile is coming.

1st Voice.—Then the shady bow'r farewell,
Now the hill we 're climbing ;
May we reach the friar's cell,
Ere the matins chiming.

2d Voice.—Then the shady bow'r farewell ;
Angels hover o'er us !
Soon we 'll hear the convent's bell ;
Here the path before us.

ROUND MY OWN PRETTY ROSE.

SUNG BY MRS. WAYLETT. — COMPOSED BY A. LEE.

Round my own pretty rose I have hovered all day,
I have seen its sweet leaves one by one fall away ;
They are gone, they are gone, but I go not with them,
No, I linger to weep o'er the desolate stem.
They say, if I rove to the south, I shall meet
With hundreds of roses more fair and more sweet ;
But my heart, when I 'm tempted to wander, replies—
Here my first love—my last love—my only love lies.

When I sprang from the home where my plumage was nursed
'T was my own pretty rose that attracted me first ;
We have loved all the summer, and now that the chill
Of the winter comes o'er us, I 'm true to thee still ;
When the last leaf is withered, and falls to the earth
The false one to southerly climes may fly forth ;
But truth cannot fly from his sorrow, he dies
Where his first love—his last love—his only love lies.

RETURN, O MY LOVE.

MUSIC BY RODWELL.

RETURN, O my love, and we'll never, never part,
 While the moon her soft light shall shed ;
I 'll hold thee fast to my virgin heart,
 And my bosom shall pillow thy head.
The breath of the woodbine is on my lip,
 Empearl'd in the dews of May,
And none but thee of its sweetness shall sip,
 Or steal its honey away.
 No, no, no, never no,
 Or steal its honey away.
Return, O my love, and we'll never, never part,
 While the moon her soft light shall shed,
I 'll hold thee fast to my virgin heart,
 And my bosom shall pillow thy head.
 Yes, yes,
 And my bosom shall pillow thy head.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

'T WAS in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin, with the morning ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay.
 Of Nannie's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with Nannie rung ;
 While Roslin castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse ! the breathing spring
 With rapture warms, awake and sing !
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song ;
 To Nannie raise the cheerful lay ;
 O ! bid her haste and come away ;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn !

O, hark, my love ! on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song.

Then let my raptured notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love ! thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls, O come away !
 Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine.
 O ! hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine !

ROUSE, ROUSE, YE SWAINS.

Rouse, rouse, ye swains—the sun is up !

The lark, the harbinger of day ;

On dewy pinions cleaves the sky,

Shrilly thrilling all the way.

Then up, salute the morn, behold

What opening glories gild the view ;

The forest vast, the verdant lawn,

Glittering and bright with early dew !

The hunter's bugle note is heard,

Whose echo rings o'er earth, hill, and plain ;

The tenants of the wood rejoice

In nature's simplest, sweetest strain.

Shake off dull sleep and banish sloth,

Your orisons to nature pay,

And join, with heart and voice, to sing

The glories of the rising day.

SOUND, PIBROCH, SOUND.

MUSIC BY TURNBULL.

Air—' Eiridh na Finnacha Gaelach.'

SOUND, Pibroch, sound ! on each flame lighted scaur,
 The red beacon waves its glad summons to war ;
 Too long has old Albin been bow'd to the yoke,
 Too long ere the pride of the tartan awoke

Edin shall welcome her monarch again,
 have spurn'd at the Saxon and trampled the chain :
 at forth in your wrath, and the fight shall be won,
 the echoes return to the roar of the gun.

and, pibroch, sound ! with thy soul-stirring peal,
 the men of Glenullin the sons of Lochiel ;
 prince is among us, with claymore and plaid,
 plaid and claymore shall stand forth to his aid.
 lie down like your torrents full flush'd with the rain,
 your war cry like eagles that scream o'er the slain,
 wild day of battle, one rush on the foe,
 the traitors shall quail, the usurper lie low.

SWEETLY ON THE WINGS OF THE MORNING.

WORDS BY I. R. FLANCHE.—MUSIC BY H. R. BISHOP.

SWEETLY on the wings of morning,
 Floating down the valley !
 Comes the kine's melodious warning,
 On the hills to rally !
 Peace in every note is breathing
 On them echo, echo loves to dwell ;
 Silvery mists the lake enwreathing,
 Rise like spirits at the spell !

RECITATIVE.

But ere long the Peasant's song
 To sterner music changing,
 Banner'd ranks the vale shall throng,
 Revenge the rocks be ranging !
 Squadrons galloping ! flames enveloping !
 Crag with carnage reeking !
 Trumpets sounding ! shots rebounding !
 Death for victims shrieking !

'Till the shout of victory clearing
 Battle's crimson clouds away ;
 Peace with Freedom reappearing
 Here resume their ancient sway ;
 Then again the breeze of morning
 Floating down the valley
 Shall bear the kine's melodious warning
 On the hills to rally.

SEE THE MOON O'ER CLOUDLESS JURA.

WORDS BY D. WEIR.

Air—'Rousseau's Dream.'

SEE the moon o'er cloudless Jura
 Shining on the lake below;
 See the distant mountain towering,
 Like a pyramid of snow.
 Scenes of grandeur, scenes of childhood,
 Scenes so dear to love and me!
 Let us roam by bower and wildwood,—
 All is lovelier when with thee.

On Leman's breast the winds are sighing,
 All is silent in the grove,
 And the flowers with dew drops glistening,
 Sparkle like the eye of love.
 Night so calm, so clear, so cloudless,
 Blessed night to love and me!
 Let us roam by bower and fountain,—
 All is lovelier when with thee.

SHE SANG, BUT AFRAID OF HER OWN SWEET VOICE.

WORDS BY D. WEIR.—MUSIC BY F. W. CROUCH.

SHE sung—but afraid of her own sweet voice,
 Each note of the music all tremblingly came;
 And it stole o'er the heart like the winds that rejoice,
 When the flow'rets of summer are breathing the same
 O was it the music with soft flowing swell,
 That spoke to her heart and awaken'd the sigh?
 Ah! no, it was love, and her blushes might tell,
 That she trembled to sing for her lover was nigh.

Love's bondage is strong—but as delicate too,
 And hearts that are fondest, are soonest afraid;
 Love shrinks from the gaze like the bird from our view,
 That sings the night long in the depths of the shade.
 Like the nightingale too, Young Ellen could sing,
 And as sweet would the notes of her witchery tell!
 But charm'd with its sweetness Love flutter'd his wing,
 While she sigh'd, and she blushed, tho' she warbl'd so well.

SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

Air—'Banks of Banna.'

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Anna?
Pride of every shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna.
I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain,
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
The greenwood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness changed to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown?
Shepherds, tell me whither.
Ah! wo for me! perhaps she's gone
For ever and for ever.

SAY, MY HEART, WHY WILDLY BEATING.

MUSIC BY WEBER.

SAY, my heart, why wildly beating;
Dost thou such emotion prove?
Canst thou, when thy lover meeting,
Fear his truth or doubt his love?
No! fondly no, my bosom sighs,
No! gently no, my heart replies.
Then fond heart be silent ever—
Be thy wild emotion o'er;
For with doubts and fearing never
Shall thou throb—no, no, no, never more.

Light of life and life's best blessing,
Is the love that meets return;
Shall I that rich boon possessing,
E'er the matchless blessing spurn?
No! fondly no, my bosom sighs,
No! gently no, my heart replies.

Then be joy my inmate ever,
 Since each anxious dread is o'er :
 For with fear and doubting never
 Shall it throb--no, no, no, never more.

A SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

MUSIC BY BISHOP.

WHATE'ER my fate, where'er I roam,
 By sorrow still oppress'd,
 I 'll ne'er forget the peaceful home,
 That gave a wand'rer rest.
 Then ever rove life's sunny banks .
 By sweetest flow'rets strew'd,
 Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,
 A soldier's gratitude.

The tender sigh the balmy tear,
 That meek ey'd pity gave,
 My last expiring hour shall cheer,
 And bless the wand'rer's grave.
 Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
 By sweetest flow'rets strew'd,
 Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,
 A soldier's gratitude.

SING ON SWEET BIRD.

WORDS BY D. WEIR.—MUSIC BY MR. SIMSON.

Sing on sweet bird, sing on sweet bird,
 No sorrow 's in thy lay ;
 It wakes remembrance of the past,
 Of him that 's far away.
 He 's far away, he 's far away,
 That aye was kind to me,
 An green 's the grass on Colin's grave,
 Beyond the stormy sea.

Sing on sweet bird, sing on sweet bird,
 The gowan's on the lea ;
 And spring returns with joy to all,
 But sadness brings to me.
 I lonely sit frae morn to night,
 Your joy adds to my wo ;
 For when upon those weeds I look,
 Well may the tear-drops flow .

Sing on sweet bird, sing on sweet bird,
 Thou sit'st thy mate *beside* ;
 I thought to be as glad as you
 When I was Colin's bride.
 And Colin promis'd to be here,
 Ere summer would return ;
 Alas ! alas how vain is hope—
 And I am left to mourn.

SHALL I TELL YOU WHOM I LOVE.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM BROWNE, 1616.

SHALL I tell you whom I love ?
 Hearken, then, awhile to me ;
 And if such a woman move
 As I now shall versifie,
 Be assured, 't is she, or none,
 That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
 As she scorns the help of Art ;
 In as many virtues dight
 As e'er yet embraced a heart ;
 So much good, so truly tried,
 Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
 To make known how much she hath ;
 And her anger flames no higher
 Than may fitly sweeten wrath :
 Full of pity as may be,
 Though, perhaps, not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
 And her virtues grace her birth ;
 Lovely as all excellence ;
 Modest in her mode of mirth :
 Likelihood enough to prove
 Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is, and, if you know
 Such a one as I have sung,
 Be she brown, or fair, or —, so
 That she be but somewhat young,
 Be assured, 't is she, or none,
 That I love, and love alone.

SLIGHTED LOVE.

WORDS BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.

Adapted to Caraffa's favorite Air—'Fra tante Angoscie.'

If slighted love thou e'er had'st known,
 If e'er its pangs were thine,
 Oh, in the memory of thine own
 Thou 'dst feel and pity mine.

But never mayst thou prove
 How wretched is their fate,
 Who sigh but dare not love,
 Yet feel they cannot hate.

Who fondly fan the fire
 That burns their lives away,
 And nurse the mad desire
 To which they fall a prey.

SLEEP ON, MY KATHLEEN DEAR.

SLEEP on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,
 May peace possess thy breast;
 Thou dost not dream thy Dermot's here
 Deprived of peace and rest.
 The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
 Those joys are none to me;
 Tho' nature sleeps, poor Dermot wakes
 To none but love and thee!

THE BOAT OF MY LOVE.

MUSIC BY TURNBULL.

THE bright sterns of e'enin' now glint through the mist,
 And the moon yonder dark heavin' billows has kiss'd:
 The boat of my lover is far, far awa'—
 Oh! westlin' winds, o'er his white sail gently blaw.
 The lintwhite and gowdspink are gane to their rest,
 Ilk birdie's bit wing's faulded saft in its nest:
 Hark! the moanin' wind's voice—thou art still far awa',
 Oh! haste thee, ere tempesta aboon thy head blaw.

'He night darkens roun' me, oh ! when shall I see,
 'o cheer my leal heart the blythe glint o' thine e'e ;
 'h ! when o'er the waves will thy light bark appear ?
 'h ! when will the dash of thine oar strike mine ear !

THEY SAY MY LOVE IS DEAD.

MUSIC BY LINLEY.

RECITATIVE.

IST ! to her notes of wo that float upon the air,
 Like the soft murmur of the distant wave !
 Lark her, 'lorn maid ! twin'd amid her raven hair,
 he violet, long wither'd, and meek daisy mingle there ;
 With weeds and wild-flowers rudely o'er her strewn.
 oor heart—distracted one ! thy grief is like mine own ;
 Having nor end nor home—but 'n the grave !

AIR.

They say my love is dead—
 Gone to his green turf bed ;
 But the bonny moon shines red where he 's laid ;
 He gave me flowers three,
 Down beside yon willow tree,
 And he 'll come again to me ere they fade.
 Oh ! yes, he will come, &c.

The glow-worm hath a light
 For the fairy queen of night,
 But my true love's shroud so white lighteth me ;
 'T is whiter than the snow
 That sparkles on the bough,
 Where sweet Robin singeth now merrily,
 Where sweet, &c.

'T is hallowmass e'en,
 And around the holy green
 The fairy elves are seen tripping light ;
 And thither I must be,
 Ere their queen has left the lea ;
 For she comes to marry me to my own true love.
 She comes, &c.

THEY MOURN ME DEAD IN MY FATHER'S HALL

WORDS BY EDWARD FITZBALL.—MUSIC BY G. HERBERT RODWELL.

RECITATIVE.

THEY mourn me dead in my father's hall,
 The black banner waves o'er its tower ;
 While bitterly weeps my forsaken love,
 In her long neglected bower.

AIR.

Ah ! maiden, cease those pearly tears,
 And give thy lute its tone,
 For a penitent knight returns to thine arms
 And the joys of the days that are gone.
 The harp shall sound in my father's hall,
 The gay minstrel merrily sing ;
 And village bells greeting my glad return,
 Our sweet bridal peal shall ring.
 Then maiden cease, &c.

THE MOON ARRAYED IN ALL HER PRIDE.

WORDS BY MRS. G. SHARP.—MUSIC BY C. E. HORN.

THE moon array'd in all her pride,
 Sat smiling o'er the purple fell ;
 When Helen sought the silver tide,
 That wander'd through the flow'ry dell,
 ' Haste, soldier, haste,' she wildly sung,
 The bridal waits poor Helen Trevor,
 Her wakening chords sad echo strung,
 And mournful sigh'd—poor Helen Trevor.

So sweet that voice's moanings low,
 Each zephyr held his trembling wing ;
 The Bulbul hush'd his half-breath'd vow,
 To list the lovely maniac sing :
 ' Speed, soldier, speed, the warhoop's past,
 And thou shalt leave thy Helen never !
 Speed from the trumpet's deadly blast !
 Wild echo dreaming murmur'd never.

The silent stars had sunk to rest,
 And dark and drear that silver flood;
 The moon had doff'd her golden crest,
 When Helen on its margin stood;
 'Wake, soldier, wake, thy Helen save,'
 With sullen moan the waters sever,
 The birch weeps o'er fair Helen's grave,
 And echo's note is hush'd—forever.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL.

Air—'Jessie.'

Keen blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld castle turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
 How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover
 Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw!
 The wild flow'rs o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
 But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnie,
 And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheerie,
 Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
 And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
 The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie;
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee;
 And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnie;
 'Tis winter wi' them, and 't is winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
 And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,
 While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
 That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
 It's no its loud roar, on the wintry wind swellin',
 It's no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my e'e;
 For, O! gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

THE HAMEWARD SONG.

WRITTEN BY HUGH AINSLIE.

EACH whirl of the wheel,
 Each step brings me nearer
 The hame of my youth—
 Every object grows dearer.
 Thae hills and thae huts,
 And thae trees on that green,
 Losh! they glowre in my face
 Like some kindlie auld frien'.

E'en the brutes they look social
 As gif they would crack,
 And the sang of the bird
 Seems to welcome me back.
 O! dear to our hearts
 Is the hand that first fed us,
 And dear is the land
 And the cottage that bred us.

And dear are the comrades
 With whom we once sported,
 And dearer the maiden
 Whose love we first courted :
 Joy's image may perish,
 E'en grief die away,
 But the scenes of our youth
 Are recorded for aye.

THE LASS OF ARRANTEENIE.

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL.

Air—'Highland Mary.'

FAR lone, among the Highland hills,
 'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
 By rocky dens, and woody glens,
 With weary steps I wander :
 The langsome way, the darksome day,
 The mountain mist sae rainy,
 Are nought to me, when gaun to thee,
 Sweet lass of Arranteenie.

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